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April

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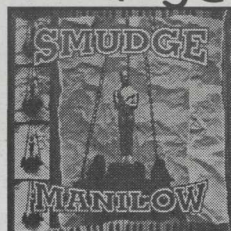
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- CMJ (cover pick)



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May issue (#136) deadline for copy is April 11. June issue (#137) deadline for copy is May 9. Submissions can be submitted on disk (mac), preferably, in legible print or in type. As always, english is preferred. CTR 101.9 fm is 1000 watts of neurotic bliss from UBC to Langley, Squamish, and points beyond. We're also on all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland except Shaw in White Rock.

Discorder is 28 pages of thoroughly edited stuff....

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WORD PROCESSING Robin Beech, Kim Kinakin,
Roseann Nasser, Sean "Skylar" Raggett, Mark
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GRAPHIC DESIGN/LAYOUT Robin Beech, Anthony
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Do you have musical talent?



Summer's coming and that means it's time for this year's LOCAL MUSIC DIRECTORY

The third annual directory, chock full of contact numbers and addresses of bands and the businesses that support them, will be in the July issue. It's FREE, so you've got no excuses. Get your listing in now!! The deadline for entries is June 15, 1994. Fill in the square below and remember, neatness counts.

YOU ARE A (Check one): ☐ BAND/MUSICIAN ☐ PROMOTER
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AIRHEAD



Discorder,
 Yo! Get funky and groove but don't jive. I'm a squatter sk8ter punk who's doing time in Indiana (U.S.A.). I read your review in *Factsheet Five*. Found it interesting due to I will be living in Seattle when I'm released and plan to check out the Vancouver scene. Yo! Send me an issue. Also sign me up on your mailing list.

Sk8fully
 Paul Parson
 c/o Westville Correctional Center
 P.O. Box 473
 Westville, IN
 46391-0473

To the *Discorder* staff,
 NGOMA here just ending its Central American tour. One more gig... (drum roll please) war-torn San Cristobal, MEX. but no fear we're playing w/ a conga player from chiapas he assures us it's O.K. now. We've also picked up a soprano sax player from Oregon,

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U.S.A. We thought that with the combination of countries we would call ourselves the NAFTA band (Not About Fucking Totalitarian Authority) but we didn't.

Well here in Guatemala in the town we were in last week there was a major power outage when the lights went on two cops were found dead. The next day two political activists "disappeared." we've had a few army and Police searches but managed to avoid too much discomfort, besides the old three day crap-a-thons inspired by third world water sources. Well hope you're having fun.

Love
NGOMA

Dear Disorder:

I read your paper for the 1st time, the other day and I really enjoyed it as it's nice to read hear about Van. music scene. Which you rarely do in zines like *Flipside*, although I also really enjoy their faizine. I am a drummer who is just looking to form a band and get back in music, which I left 10 years ago to raise my 4 month old daughter which I got custody of. Anyway your zine has given me even more inspiration. I also enjoy writing poetry which I'm sending you two which I just wrote. Hope you like them. If you have any old band (Van.) flyers kicking around I'd really enjoy some. Also when my band does it's 1st demo which I hope is

soon I will also be sending you a copy for review. Hopefully you can read my messy writing. Any of your staff please feel free to drop me a line. I'll be reading "Disorder" faithfully from now on.

Mark Owens
Coquitlam, B.C.

Dear Discarded Airhead,

re: What People Are Reading:
"The World of Pooh"
I think that perhaps, after "sitting, suffering, sleeping through *Naked Twice*" it would be wise for Lane to shut off some of his *Nanni*, stir it in with his *Winnie*, and wake up and smell the proverbial herbal tea.

XXX
lola

A Dog's Life with the Family Enndye

Darling, I've a bone to pick with you. "Wot is it, pet?" Well, this conviction of yours that you're a dog... "You mean the feeling I've had ever since I was a puppy?" Never mind all that now, darling, come sit down. We must talk seriously about something. "Sweetie, you know I'm not allowed on the furniture." Nonsense! Just this once won't hurt. Come along. Up, up, up! Good girl. Now as I was saying... "Dearest, I know wot you are about to say. I've known for some time that you aren't sympathetic to my state. You insist on being civil to the postman knowing full well how he taunts me, shoving his monstrous mail through my front door! You're embarrassed when I smell up our guests, or splash out of my drinking bowl, or ask for a good tummy rub. And you cannot abide me licking my feet in front of the electric fire. Oh, a thousand little things give you away." Darling, I didn't mean... "I have never forgot how vicious you were with that rolled up magazine when I peed on your Dahlias!!!! I kept out of your way for weeks and you never noticed. Your family's visits affect my sensitive nature terribly. I run around like a mad thing, panting and giddy, until, eventually, I lose control and you become cruel!" My dear, I had no idea! Or perhaps I did want to punish you for taking the children from me. All day long it's Daddy, Mummy's so funny! Daddy, watch Mummy fetch Daddy, Daddy, you see Mummy run and jump and catch our ball with her teeth! It's been dreadful. Boys ought to play catch with their fathers but, no, there I stand like a cardboard cut-out, dull and staid. I'm nothing to them but the one who brings home the kibbles! "I bit. Oh, God it's been hell. I'm at the end of your rope!" Now, darling, we must be strong. There's only one answer. I won't have a messy divorce. I shall go to the end of our lower border to live in that little house: the one with the nice cut-out door, so open and airy and perfect for seeing to it that no stranger comes into the garden. Just promise me something. "Oh (boo hoo), darling, of course (boo hoo), anything at all, darling. Three long walks a day, regular meals and, of course, unlimited access to the children. I'm a simple, happy creature, really. That's all I need apart from a kind word now and then." Oh, dear, oh dear (boo hoo). I'm so sorry, darling. I didn't want it to come to this but I suppose it's all for the best. "Good-bye, darling. Good-bye." "Bye. Bye, my darling. Bye-bye." "Bye-bye." "Bye, darling. (Thanks for the joke, Mr. Jack Darcus.) Mrs. "Fluffy" Enndye



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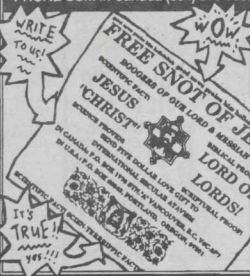
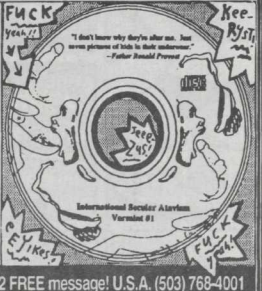


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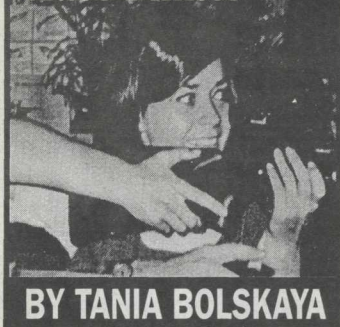
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BY TANIA BOLSKEYA

What does spring mean to me? Like most other Vancouverites, the beginnings of the budding season signal to me the gradual cessation of liquid precipitation and the all too sudden omnipresence of *hella too much*.

There is nothing I enjoy more than a bit of sun and biting that proverbial hand that feeds me. In perfect tune with the metamorphic months, spring sees me alter my being from mild mannered waitress/writer to virago of visitors, scourge of sight-seers. While in their sight I smooch their souvenir-buying buttocks but once their polyester-clad backs are turned I show everyone the true hypocrite I am by denouncing their bad-tipping, dumb-question-asking, slow-driving ways.

In our Lower Mainland cultures, spring has the honour of being the season of beginnings. The world is born anew each March 21st and squeezed out the labia of Mother Earth with it comes a host of rites and metaphors that are somewhat less tangible than lambs and leafy trees.

In the world of art, the span

of a human's life is equated to the earth's four seasons year and adolescence is the spring of that twelfth month. Spring is hardly the balmiest, nor the most cheerful of the year's quarterly intervals, and neither is adolescence the most pleasant of vital phases. However, they both are mandatory pre-requisites for the continuation of the course.

In the world of film, France — where the waiters know how to trash a tourist to her face and still extort a 25% tip out of her — is the expert on both spring and puberty. Though American filmmakers make desperate attempts with films like *Pretty In Pink*, they just don't seem to be able to depict as realistically as their french counterparts that all-too difficult transition from child to adult. Rich or poor, ready or not, protagonists of French coming-of-age movies are all struggling to become mature individuals. Usually this process involves sexual curiosity, alienation both from those who have already made the transition — parents and teachers — and those who have not, and a general rebellion

against the established order of the grown-up world. By the end they have usually obtained some, if not most, of the freedom, personality, and awesome responsibility of adult life.

Gallic master Francois Truffaut dallied in this genre in the first of a series of films documenting the tribulations and triumphs of a male life in the later 20th century. *The 400 Blows* (1959) is our introduction to Truffaut's celluloid alter-ego Antoine Doinel. At twelve, Doinel is a scamp. Unable to concentrate on his aged professor's scholastic ramblings, he is in constant trouble at school. Things are just as impossible at home where his mother wishes he were not and his pleasantly ineffectual "father" is unwilling to deal with the behavioral problems of a child that is not his own. To escape eternal and universal disapproval, Antoine resorts to truancy, then vagrancy. Egged on by a fellow imp, he next adds thievery to his list of occupations.

Shot in gritty, brooding black & white (emphasis on BLACK), *The 400 Blows* portrays with depressing clarity the experience of a boy with little adult direction for whom childish experimentation is a luxury his parents cannot and will not afford him. The subdued performance by Jean-Pierre Leaud as Antoine aids immeasurably in translating to the viewer this film's greatest sentiment: the injustice of being an unwanted child.

Antoine Doinel has his direct screen antithesis in Laurent, hero of Louis Malle's 1972 feature, *Murmur of the Heart*. Laurent's family is rich, distinguished and very (nudge nudge) loving. His dad is a bit distant, as all pre-Wonder Years fathers were, but at least Laurent and his pop are pretty sure they are related. Laurent's two older brothers are, what would be termed in North America, rich bastards. However, as their high-jinx include relieving little Laurent of his virginity by taking him to a house of pros-

titution, group masturbation, and parties with fast older women, they and Laurent get along fairly well.

Laurent's only real problem is getting used to his awakening sexuality. In particular, he finds it difficult to reassess and alter the close relationship he and his mother have enjoyed until this point. Oedipus was ignorant of his mother's relationship to him when he desired, wed and screwed her. Laurent is not so lucky and, though he has only and unwittingly reached step one, he must gouge his proverbial eyes out and cut his metaphorical apron strings before things get out of hand.

Even if mother-fucking is not one of your future themes, *Murmur of the Heart* is a wit and charm make it a wholly entertaining film. The scandalously amusing script and the deft direction of M. Malle combine to create a movie worthy of nothing less than my personal and unqualified wholeheartedly enormous recommendation.

A slightly less enthusiastic, though just as whole-hearted, recommendation goes to *36 Fillette*. Though not as witty as *Murmur*, *36 Fillette* has the distinction of being truthful, sexy, and concerned with the coming of age of a female.

With her family on a summer camping trip at the beach, Lily is fourteen and horny. She realizes the power her sexuality affords her and she is very eager to begin wedding it to her best advantage. Unfortunately, her immaturity and her hymen inhibit her. After taking up with an aging Romeo, she soon finds herself in situations she helped to create but over whose outcome she has no control.

36 Fillette was directed by Catherine Bellat and the "touché feminine" is evident through-

The title character is just finishing her year at the all-girls boarding school where she has her own special girlfriend (you know the kind). She also develops a crush on the swain who comes to photograph her for her class picture. This year's holidays surprisingly coincide with Bilitis' sexual awakening and, when her father is unable to provide her with a home for the holidays, she is sent to live with a family friend, Melissa, and Melissa's abusive husband, Pierre. Though Melissa facilitates Bilitis' relationship with the photographer, Bilitis instead falls in love with her hostess. Wanting her beloved to be happy and recognizing this as an impossibility while this happiness is entrusted to the brutally egotistical Pierre, our heroine searches for a man to love Melissa right. UGH!!

Bilitis is shot, as is Hamilton's other piece of trash *Tendres Cousins*, with a dense filter so that everything is permanently out of focus. The scenes

are all filled with soft pastel colours and both the lead female actors are generally something less than realistic and usually involve more of what a middle-aged hunk of virility who is petrified by women his own age would like to think happens to young girls than the actual experience of a young girl. Lily's burgeoning womanhood, as told by Bellat, makes no such allowances. Only one who has been a teenaged girl knows what a burden virginity can be and how daunting is the acquisition of new skills, like giving head.

Though *Bilitis*, directed by famed photographer David Hamilton, masquerades as a sensitive film about a young girl turning into a woman, it is in fact a middling attempt at soft porn whose vague plot centres on a young girl having a lot of lesbian sex.

all in all, if I were going to do it over again (come of age, that is) I'd do it in France. But, then again, I'd probably do anything in France, given enough France and a big bottle of Bordeaux. See ya in June.

Videos for this scintillating column were provided, as always, by Videomatica, 1855 W. 4th Ave.



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Have any of you [Canadian and northern U.S. state residents] ever experienced a bout of insomnia? Did you tune into CBC Radio on a Friday or Saturday evening between the hours of 10:00 p.m. and 5:30 a.m. and hear the most incredibly different and wonderful music? Then you've experienced CBC Radio's "Nightlines" and its host David Wisdom.

Have you ever wondered about the man with the voice and the name? *Discorder* has, and spoke with David Wisdom.

Is David Wisdom your real name?
Yes.

What did you do before hosting CBC's "Nightlines"?
I lived in England for a bit and then I came back to Vancouver and finished my degree at UBC. I also worked as an actor for a while.

What were you doing in England?
I was in high school when all those great bands like the Stones, the Beatles, the Yardbirds and The Who were kicking in. Because I still had British citizenship I thought, "Man, I want to go back." I met people from bands touring through Vancouver and they would say, "Come back and you can stay at our house." I went back in 1968. To be in London in '68...one could walk down the street called Kings Road and every shop was fantastic. George and Ringo were coming out of one door...I tried Jimi Hendrix's pants on. I went into this store with some guys who were in a band, it was called Granny Takes a Trip, and the workers in the store

were making clothes for Mick Jagger and pants and a jacket for Jimi Hendrix. So, I tried them on. I could fit them in those days. It made a deep impression. I got to know people in bands and moved into this house with a whole bunch of other Canadians in Hampstead; a real ritzy, beautiful district. We lived above this flat that Keith Richards and Mick Jagger had been sharing. We ran out of money—none of us had a big job—we were all artistic deadbeats. There were beautiful chandeliers and velvet drapes in this place but when the bulbs started going in the chandeliers we didn't have enough money to replace them. I was very formative and thrilling. I would not have missed it for the world.

What brought you back to Vancouver?
I had to be responsible. I had to work. I would have coasted in England. I have a deep sense of responsibility. Pathetic, really. I wanted to finish university. Here I could get it together and make a living, there you can't.

How did you get involved in radio?
I got involved in radio when I was hired to work in the record library at the CBC because I had a lot of records. That was in 1977 and the day that Elvis died. I think there's something there. There was an early alternative show on CBC called "Neon Nights" with JB Shayne, who was doing Coast 1040 radio. He's somebody I've known for a long time. I was on his show.

If there is anyone at the CBC who has helped me and let me do

what I wanted to do it was Susan Englebert. She was the original producer of "Neon Nights" and she gave me the chance to go on the radio. She knew that I loved and cared about music. Susan let me do a show called "Club Deluxe" for a summer season with Maggie Taylor. Susan helped me get jobs working with other radio shows like the "Vicky Gabereau Show." It's because of Susan that I've had the opportunity to do what I'm doing. I've been very lucky. There are great people with great voices who love music who aren't in the right places at the right time. I sometimes have been.

What do you listen to in the morning?
I read the paper. It's a bad habit; I hate it. I'm a complete so I'll sit and read articles about Hog Laws from Saskatchewan which have nothing to do with me. I read an article to completion. I read it every morning, excluding the part on money and business. I play records when I read the paper; I don't listen to the radio. I have to keep playing those records or else I will never hear them. So I take every opportunity to listen to records.

How do you plan your show, "Nightlines"?
I listen to music hour after hour. I try to look at the records I've listened to in the last while and put them all together so that it's coherent. I try to get a complete vision of what would work well for six-and-a-half [Friday] to seven [Saturday] hours of radio. I put "Nightlines" together in terms of 3 or 4 one-and-a-half hour

shows. I don't think people listen constantly.

How do you keep up with new music?
What I don't do is listen to other radio shows or look at music charts; I don't really read music newspapers all that much. I have people send me music from all over North America and Europe. I go with what I think

know why they are phoning at all and can be quite mean. It can be hurtful when you open up to the public. Sometimes you're an outlet for people's venom but I'm getting used to it. Most people are really kind and nice. I've stopped asking for mail, though, because I wasn't answering it. I was getting so much mail—great letters with people opening up their hearts—and I felt so bad about not

us to use on the Saturday show. It's great because bands get paid, they get exposure, they get talked about and are recorded under professional circumstances. Ever since that started I have been getting a lot of calls from bands all over. There are so many good bands that should be recorded that won't be because there isn't enough time or space. We are not only recording bands in Vancou-

An Interview with David Wisdom by Roseann Nasser

might be good. It might be the cover or the label if I get the right feeling from it. Music never heard of is a good indication. I overlook music that the majority listens to. I look for music that is offbeat and out of the way but still really great. I use my own resources. I don't think I've ever heard Guns 'n' Roses. If I have it's escaped me. I'm more interested in the small and the obscure.

How is your show interactive with your listeners?
The major way that "Nightlines" is interactive with the listener is that the listener has to answer a list-testing question to make a request. I used to read out people's mail but now I now spend hours on warm, sunny Sunday afternoons listening to hundreds of phone calls from people because that's the only time I have to do it. 40% of people who call in the middle of the night are nice, friendly people. 45% are drunk, misguided, stoned and just blabbering, which is just fine too, and 5% of them don't

having the time to answer all those letters. The part about "Nightlines" that I knew would be fun was playing music and playing all sorts of great things. The part I didn't think about before I started is the listener. The listener is by far the most beautiful thing about doing the show.

How far north and how far south can your show be heard?
"Nightlines" is heard in many northern states, wherever there is a transmitter near the border. We have many listeners in Vermont, the Dakotas, Montana, New York, Detroit and other parts of Michigan. We are also heard on short wave. I've had phone calls from Russia, Hungary and Australia.

Do you attend live shows?
Not as many as I would like to. However, I like to see local bands and Canadian bands when I do go. One thing that we are doing on "Nightlines," which I am really pleased with, is recording bands for

ver but across the country as well.

Did you ever play in a band?
Yes, I've played in a number of bands. I played with the UJRSK in 1978, '79 and 1980. We were all friends. We weren't musicians at all—artists and art teachers, primarily. We brought in a couple of musicians and that held the band together. We were shocked and dismayed when we became popular. When we were signed on Polydor records. And as soon as we were signed up and they wanted us to go on tour everybody quit. It was not something we wanted to do. It was supposed to be a fun thing.

What did you play?
I sang a little and played keyboards. I don't read music but I learned to play my part by rote. I memorized pieces for songs and played an Acetone organ.

What is the future of Rock 'n' Roll? Who is it? What is it?



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That's a big one. It's splintering. Listening to old records of The Doors makes me wonder how they got away with that. People are better musicians nowadays and there is more music than ever. I used to be able to go down to a record store and leaf through the pop music section and know, or had heard something, about every record in there. There is no way now in a million years that anyone could know that much. There's so much music and it's so diverse. It's so specialized and sectionalized now: people who listen to country hate rap and vice versa. That's awful. There's a lot more music but listeners are deciding to tune their ears to one thing and, therefore, are missing out on a wealth of beautiful music of every kind. There's a future for rock 'n' roll. The time of the big star, arena-filling band may be over. I don't know what the future of it is but I hope there is one. I'll certainly be listening to whatever comes along. I'm still thrilled by stuff. Music may be better now but it doesn't mean as much as it once did. I don't think I've answered your question but that's how I feel about it.

Should people be listening to all sorts of music?

If they like music, yes. I think some people listen to music not because they like the music, necessarily, but because they like the scene and whatever that band represents. That is of little interest to me. I am listening from the point of view of somebody who listens to records. I want to hear something adventurous, dangerous, beautiful or all three. There is still stuff like that and it comes from all sorts of different directions. People who get snooty about other bands and other forms of music are missing the point. If there's one lesson that should be learned from all the revolutions that have occurred in music and art, it is that we should be open to things. Much of what I hear is not open to things. It is closed off, segmented, and balkanized and, unfortunately, it gets firmer.

What is the future of radio?

I don't know. I think it might be the last great bastion of artistic expression because it is so easy to do. Two guys on Commercial Drive could put wires together and broadcast. I hope that radio will be a refuge for the individual and for the person willing to take a chance.

Do you currently direct your energies in areas other than the CBC?

I work for the CBC and I do the odd bit of writing. Doing "Nightline" and the "Vicky Gabeaux Show" takes every waking minute, other than being with my family.

What do you write?

Articles. Nothing worth mentioning.

Do you publish it?

Sometimes. The old thing may be published but not under my own name.

And David Wisdom is your real name?

It absolutely is my real name and always has been.

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A C E T O N E

Eight years ago, Acetone was formed and since then they have been surfing the wave of obscurity. Their music blends 50's harmony and soul, truly music to be played with the rag top down. Discorder caught up with Ritchie Lee, the bass player, last time Acetone pulled into town.

Discorder: What is the history of your band?

Ritchie: Acetone is a three-piece band and our nucleus was punk rock bands. The drummer and I came from the same home town, Newport

tastic freedom can you get? Our deal is for 3 records, even though we don't get as much as we would with Geffen, we're guaranteed more in the long run.

Do you find it really important to produce your own album?

R: A producer that doesn't know our music might come in and produce what he thinks he hears, which is our influences. But what we're trying to do is make it more hybrid, more us. We've played together 7 years and we know how to use the studio. We have a really good engineer, who is just an engineer. Many engineers want to be producers and

How did Vernon Yard Recordings begin?

R: Keith Wood, who owns it, used to run Caroline Records. They started out being an indie distributor and then began putting out their own albums, and they could never break out of this mold. He wanted to run a more interesting label and reach wider audiences. We don't make our music to be obscure or alternative, we wanted to sell lots of albums but we don't want to have to go on Sony Music and make Billy Ocean records to do it.

How does the major label lifestyle treat you?

R: It's the ability to go on a tour to



Interview by Tim Hecker

Beach, and the guitarist and I met in art school. The three of us played with different singers in punk bands and rock bands, but the three of us would always go off together and play by ourselves and it always seemed like there was so much more going on. The punk band singers had egos and would always want to do their own thing. The last band we were in, Spinout, for the last 5 years was ridiculous, the singer wouldn't let us go anywhere.

How did you leave Spinout?

R: Mark, the guitarist, and I left and began practising harmonies for 8 months. We called ourselves Acetone and made a demo tape about 16 months ago and the deals came flying.

Did you have any 7 inches or any other releases before you were signed?

R: No. With the other bands we did but we made a demo and used some connections we had with our other bands and we were offered deals with 3 record companies. We went with Vernon Yard because their deal was up there in the money, and they gave us total artistic freedom. We produced the record ourselves, the company never heard some of the songs. We have more freedom than most indie labels, because they often can't afford to be adventurous with recording. We did our own ads for magazines. How much more ar-

when you tell them something, they go, "they think they want that, but..." Our engineer respects our decisions and helps us.

Have you been to Canada before?

R: Yeah, we went to Toronto. It was great but we had trouble getting back into America. We have a Cadillac that the band drives and a van that the crew drives in, and one of the guys in the crew had some weed on him and he got popped. We were in the car behind him so we got strip searched and roughed up by the cops.

What is the music scene like in LA?

R: Everyone who wants to be in a band goes to LA. The music scene in LA is based on what's hip. It's really hard to base a following by playing around, but once there's some sort of hype about you, people will go to be seen in the hip happening venue. Do you dig the new album?

Yeah, it's probably one of my favorites lately.

R: It's laid back stuff. Good music to get stoned to. It's pretty easy at times to hear our influences, but I think we have our own sound. American people don't like that though, it kind of freaks people out when they have something they can't relate to it.

We have a Cadillac that the band drives and a van that the crew drives in...

show people your music without all the financial bullshit. I mean, it's not the cocaine-in-the-back-room glamour, but you don't have to worry about having your van break down in the middle of the desert in Arizona.

What's it like living in LA with hot rock acts like the Stone Temple Pilots?

R: Stone Temple Pilots are a pure MTV creation. They say they're from San Diego, but they're the ultimate LA band. The singer, William Duvall, actually has the name of Scott, lived with friends of ours where we used to practice. A few years ago he was in a band called Swing, who did Saturday Night Fever - bad funk covers. Then they changed their name to Might Joe Young which was ska and then it got Chili-Pepper-ish, chasing all the trends. Finally they changed their name to Stone Temple Pilots in search of grunge and they locked on.

What are your plans for the near future?

R: Right now it's short term; we are touring in England with Verve, which is good because we're different bands. Our live shows complement each other. After England, we're gonna come back and write songs for the next album because we have tons of little snippets of stuff and it's just a matter of putting it all together. We'll probably record in February and March.



By Chris "Christian" Chen

You might say that the Cocteau Twins started a musical renaissance that never really ended. I'm sure most of you have heard that they are to music what Impressionists are to painting, or words to that effect, and it's not surprising. Simply, the Cocteau Twins pioneered the dream-pop sound that begets so many other bands (like Lush, My Bloody Valentine, Curve, Medicine, the Cranes, Chimera, the Pale Saints, the Cranberries, Mazzy Star, the Sundays, etc.), and they are very much aware of that tag given to them by the music media. When listening to groups heavily influenced by the Cocteau Twins it is easy to discern the derivation of the dream-pop culture. It's a fact impossible to ignore but is it a flattering gesture?

"I suppose it would be [flattering] but I find it hard to entertain thoughts like that for any length of time," says Simon Raymonde, the band's bassist. "I don't really want to walk around thinking 'How much of an influence am I?' It's really unhealthy. I don't want to be credited because I have a very high opinion of what I do. That's what makes me want to continue to do what I do. My priority is to get better as a group and to make a record better than the last one; and we have a long way to go to get better. Yeah, it's flattering to hear people say that they like what we do but I don't want it to go to my head. It's not necessary. If I let it get to me I'd just sit down and never want to do anything. I'd think, 'Well, I've done it and all these other groups think we're so great.' What would be the point of doing anything else? That's not our motivation for working. The music is our expression and once it's done it's out of my hands."

No longer on British popstar label 4AD (home of the Pale Saints, Slowdive, Breeders, Lush, etc.), Fontana has brought the constantly evolving Cocteau Twins on board for their most recent release, *Four Calendar Cafe*. Raymonde philosophizes on the potential for a larger following: "If you like the music you shouldn't give a fuck about what label it's on. For example, you're not going to say, 'I'm not going to read a Michael Christchurch book because it's on Faber and Faber.'" As you know it doesn't always work like that. "I'm not thoroughly convinced by that theory and it certainly wasn't our motivation for leaving 4AD. It wasn't specifically to sell more records, though that would be really nice!"

As ever, the Cocteau Twins' integrity is never in doubt. *Four Calendar Cafe* (created in September Sound studios and released last September) is not a harkening back to the albums preceding their 1990 release *Heaven Or Las Vegas*, but it brings up a problematic issue of whether the Cocteau Twins have adapted, or even joined, themselves to contemporary 90's music. (As ambiguous as it sounds the best definition of a 90's sound may be NOT an 80's sound.) "I really don't know," muses Raymonde. "I've been off from contemporary music for about five years. Until just recently, for some reason, I've had no interest in it at all and have been pretty much bored by pretty much everything I've heard. Maybe it's only been since we've finished the album but I've actually enjoyed listening to other people's music again. As to our connection to that music scene and how we fit in, I've absolutely no idea!"

As a representative of the 1980's, he continues: "We were part of that music scene, especially with 4AD, and we really needed to have connections because, simply, we didn't feel much affinity with many of the other bands on the label. They were all nice friends but, musically, we felt we were going somewhere else and we were limited by being a 4AD

band. Somebody would say, 'I've already heard 4AD music and that's not my cup of tea,' and that would hurt our prospects. Grateful though I am for the start they gave us—and I have a lot of pleasurable memories of doing so 4AD—there did come a time when the identity of the label, with its strong imagery, actually became regressive for us. We didn't have a chance to grow. We were locked into the identity people had for it and for us to develop as human beings and as a group we needed to get away. We were having a lot of arguments with the company about direction. We were really stressed out by the relationship."

The band has had no manager, then or now, and that was one of the major reasons for the friction. They do everything themselves, including the collage cover art for *Four Calendar Cafe* that consisted, much like their sound, of everyday items strewn together with intricacy. For the virgin listener to classify or even describe the Cocteau Twins' sound is difficult. "The way we work is kind of instinctive. We don't have any songs written before we go in and the way our records turn out is really just a reflection of how we're [the others being Robin Guthrie and Elizabeth Fraser] all feeling at that certain point in time," says Raymonde. Some might suspect that their music is also a reflection of the social angst and boredom they experienced growing up in Grangemouth, Scotland, an industrial town between Glasgow and Edinburgh. "I try to look at each of our records as separate developments in our work. I've certainly got no intention of replaying old music. There's no point in that. Our music is written...spontaneously."

Raymonde and the rest of the band don't rely on others to tell them their music is great. It would be shallow to depend on the words of others for self-fulfillment. In addition, he regards it important to be happy without relating that happiness to his music. From time to time he needs to be separate from it all and just be Simon Raymonde, happy human being, instead of Simon Raymonde of the Cocteau Twins. If there's one thing he tends to note about having a noteworthy perspective in the musical business it's the differences between American and British music. Not unexpectedly, you might think he had an "us vs. them" attitude towards it all.

"There are a lot of differences, aren't there?" Raymonde states with some amusement. "The American audiences are into the Nirvana/Smashing Pumpkins thing at the moment and, I suppose, we don't have a lot of bands like that. I suppose it's because we're always being regarded as pioneers of new music here in Britain. Maybe the American bands take a British style and muck about with it and make it better! [laughs] But I'm not sure if that's absolutely true because we have

such completely different cultures. The history of our country goes back a long way. Your culture [unfortunately considering us part of American culture] is completely different. I think the problem is that a lot of British people are taking on a lot of American culture without really thinking about it. Perhaps we'll be losing some of our own Britishness. Perhaps that's a little bit worrying but it's nothing that I can do anything about [laughing again]!"

The last time I tried to interview the Cocteau Twins, Simon Raymonde's wife went into labor. Raymonde, alongside the rest of the band members as a parent, is now a proud father of two children. Robin and Liz had their first child between 1988's *Blue Bell Knoll* and 1990's *Heaven or Las Vegas*. In fact, *Heaven or Las Vegas* was released in tribute to the birth of that child. As a relief to those who think parenthood is a crimp on everything, they all have every intention of continuing with the band. "At the moment we're having a really great time. I think it's probably the best time we've had, musically and socially, as a group. We're really enjoying what we do now. As far as children go," he pauses to think, "I want my children just to be happy and I don't care what they do. It's completely up to them."

And would Raymonde consider letting his children enter the music business? "Actually, no, I probably wouldn't. My dad was a musician and my mum always said, 'Don't do what your father does. Please, go into something sensible like property or something!' But rebellion is inherent in childhood! I don't know why I got into music. I don't know if it's a genetic thing but one thing's for sure, there is absolutely no point in telling your kids to do anything because they're just going to do it whether you want them to or not."

The origin of the band name, or rather the works of artist, playwright, novelist and film director Jean Cocteau (1889-1963), was something I had the impression both of us wanted to talk about. "He was brilliant!" Raymonde enthuses. "But, actually, I'm more into his films than his paintings. I loved all of them [*Les Enfants Terribles*, *Orphée*, *L'Imposteur*]. I particularly think *La Belle et la Bête* is his most brilliant but it took a while for me to actually get into it. It was about 1985 that I started reading some of his books, but he's a very clever chap, no doubt about it."

Like the artist, like the band. A fitting moniker, not Cocteau Twins for a group of three.

DISCOGRAPHY

- Garlands (1982)
- Lullabies E.P. (1982)
- Peppermint Pig E.P. (1983)
- Head Over Heels (1983)
- Sunburst and Snowblind E.P. (1983)
- Pearly Dewdrops' Dropp E.P. (1984)
- Treasures/Alike/Giraffe (1985)
- Tiny Dynamos/Echoes in a Shallow Bay (1986)
- The Pink Opaque (1986)
- Victorland (1986)
- Love's Easy Tears E.P. (1986)
- Blue Bell Knoll (1988)
- Heaven or Las Vegas (1990)
- lobknicker E.P. (1990)
- Four Calendar Cafe (1993)



Matt: I was born in San Francisco but we moved to North Carolina when I was one.

How did The Archers of Loaf come about?

Eric J.: My Mom and Dad used to love each other very much and they laid very close together one night and my Dad inserted his penis into her vagina and sperm came out. That's how I was formed. Mark: They were sitting really close to the TV and all the radiation caused the sperm to merge. Eric J.: And I'm the result. I don't know how the other guys formed but that's how I formed. Matt: And then several dental X-Rays later...

Chapel Hill, North Carolina was supposedly the indie hot spot after Seattle, how did this affect the scene there?

Eric B.: That's old. That happened a long time ago. There's seventy bands in Chapel Hill and the media noticed it and then there's still seventy bands and the media's not noticing it anymore. It totally unaffected. We got signed, Small got signed, and Zen Frisbee... a bunch of bands got signed because of it, but, you know, that helps.

Mark: Yeah, I have no complaints about the entire thing at all. I think it was a good thing. Everyone ends up knocking it when their city gets called a scene - I think that's kind of silly of that, that you are looking for, but it helped a lot of bands out. Eric B.: We don't take yourselves that seriously.

What can you tell us about the Star Free Label?

Eric B.: Star Free is a magazine. A girl named Karen McLaren puts this mag out and it's really good. It's really funny, it's really PC and that's cool. We don't have a problem with that. She put out our first single. The latest single she put out was from a band called Evil Wiener and they're amazing. Right now she's just putting out the mag, Star Free's discography is: Archers of Loaf - "Wrong", Evil Wiener and Spatula split seven inch. Her distribution is through normal distributors like Cargo, Sexxy Doo, and Ajax.

So Star Free runs out of Chapel Hill?

Eric B.: Yeah, she's right out of Chapel Hill. She works at Nice Price Books. It's a really local thing. It's really cool.

So it gets North America wide distribution?

Eric B.: Yeah, but she only put out two singles. It's more of a magazine and she just every once in awhile puts out a single and we were just fortunate enough to be the first.

Why did you call the album "Icky Mettle"?

Matt: Ummmmmm...

There's no big reason?

Mark: There was a burning bush and it said "Icky Mettle", so Eric took that as a sign! Matt: We had some other names...

Mark: "Bowel Flower"!

Matt: Bowel Flower was one... "Here's Our Butts" was another!

Eric B.: Or "Matt Outta Hell", we were gonna call it "Matt Outta Hell"!!

Mark: "Matloaf"!

Matt: I think 'cuz I look a lot like Meatloaf.

Who did the album cover?

Eric B.: Mark Griffiths, he lives in Chicago now.

In the painting on the cover there's a sign that reads, "This Spot Reserved for Styx Tercel". Who is Styx Tercel?

Eric B.: Styx Tercel is a historical writer. Mark spelled his name wrong on purpose. I think Mark's just a freaky guy. He's a great guy. Matt: It also says "Dukes of Hazzard" but you can't see all of it on there. The painting was originally called "The Last Bastion of Civility."



Mark: Mark rode his bike into a wall several times for us for a video.

Matt: And then we never used it!!! Eric B.: Mark's the man. Matt: He's awesome.

Icky Mettle was quite diverse. Was it important to you to avoid being pigeonholed or compared to other bands?

Matt: I think that pigeonholing is inevitable. We tried to keep it diverse just for the fun of it. Mark: Yeah, but it was also that we didn't have that many songs! It was kinda like it was diverse by facto, to use some latin terminology. Matt: "Let's put almost all of our songs on the album!", that is kinda what happened.

When you got together as a band were your influences varied?

Mark: Yeah, but I think they're similar to any band that's our age. Matt: I listened to a lot of bands that are so cool that nobody has ever

heard of them before!

Mark: Like Journey and ABBA. I had my early alternative years in eighth grade. The Smiths were alternative. The Cure...

Matt: —Led Zeppelin...

Mark: Yeah, Led Zeppelin!!! Yeah, we were all crushed when Led died... (laughs) and New Order. The Cult was alternative...

Matt: I liked "Love".

Eric J.: I liked David Bowie. I liked anything David Bowie did.

Mark: INXS and Duran Duran! (Note: we're talking early eighties here!)

Eric J.: Yeah, I was so into Duran Duran it was pathetic!

Mark: I bought a couple of their books, man, that told about...

Eric J.: I got five of them...

Mark: ...and that made me buy Roxy Music because I found out in a lit-

Article by:
Canna
&
Petr

Eric J.: I learned how to write when I was about five... we don't really write that much since we got out of school, but, ah, I work at this pizza place and people call in on the phone and I take orders. I write then.

Let the question be rephrased:

who comes the songs? Eric J.: Oh! Eric Bachmann would have to take the most credit.

Mark: He comes up with the skeleton would be more appropriate terminology.

Eric J.: We polish the turd... (laughs)... I'm not saying that his songs are turds.

Do you have any videos?

Mark: We've got two. One of them already got rejected by MTV! It's pretty good, actually.

Matt: I love that video.

For what song?

Mark: It's for "Wrong". Then we just finished one for "Web In Front" that has pig sex and some other stuff.

Who did the video?

Mark: This guy who worked on Star Wars - he filmed it. Matt: The producer was Richard Jamiesfield. Mark: He was really good.

Why did MTV reject it, did they tell you?

Mark: I guess it sucked by their standards.

The editing wasn't primo, it wasn't glam enough.

Eric J.: We weren't lip syncing in it... I think that really hurt us.

Matt: We didn't show our tits! Mark: Our high kicks weren't quite high enough!

How did it go in studio?

Eric J.: Pretty dreadful actually. Pretty tedious.

Matt: It went well until the mix down.

Mark: Even the recording was hard 'cuz we all had to work during the day and then we recorded at the old Cass Cradle (now Krapstone Studios). A lot of the original times we had set up got postponed so we had to go in after shows and set up at three in the morning.

So you were pretty happy with the outcome? All: Yeah.

How'd it go at the New Music Seminar in New York?

Matt: That was fun. Mark: Was that at Brommies?

Mark: Yeah. Eric J.: Not as fun as CMT, though.

Mark: Yeah, CMT was a blast. We played with Future Soundbuilders, My Dad's Dead, and, oh man, New Radicals' Storm King.

What are your plans after the tour?

Mark: I don't know. Hopefully soon 'cuz this has been a blast!

Matt: Kick back and just enjoy all the money that's rolling in! Mark: Yeah, just enjoy our stocks go up! Matt: I'm gonna dig another swimming pool, I think, in the west wing.

When do you guys get back?

All: March 25th. Mark: We'll be back from Europe at that time.

Matt: We're only going to England so we won't be gone that long. We're going to spend a lot of our time, when we get back, practicing. We finally got a regular practice space again. We're gonna write a bunch of songs. We've already got tons of ideas but we just haven't put ourselves to task.

Have you been to Europe before?

Mark: No. I've never been on a plane, so I'm... I'm scared, frankly. (Laughs)

Matt: It'll be awesome!

When will you be back on the west coast?

Mark: I don't know. Hopefully soon 'cuz this has been a blast!

And now the five thousand dollar question! Is there a definition to The Archers of Loaf? Does the name mean anything?

Mark: Pure pop satisfaction! Matt: No, we got a show and didn't have a name and, I don't know.

Mark: There was this burning bush...



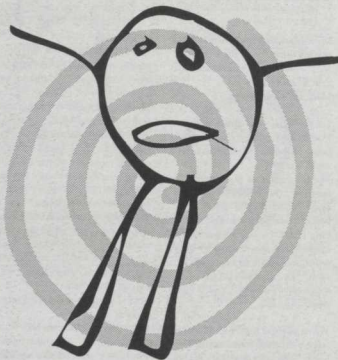
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Tougher Than Jesus

A Conversation with International Secular Atavists Scribe J.B. and Scribe Z-Harvey-Oswald-27-Z

by Norm van Rassel

HER LEGS were draped over my shoulders. Dark thighs pressed against my ears. I looked up and saw her bellybutton. The room spun around us as we crashed violently into the walls. My ears were ringing. A picture of the Pyramids fell to the floor. Everything faded but my ears kept ringing. I was face down into the corner of a dusty old couch. The phone was ringing. I answered it. "I hear you've been trying to get a hold of us," said a voice at the other end. "Not recently," I replied. An hour later I was seated beside Scribe Z-Harvey-Oswald-27-Z in what was obviously a rental car. Scribe J.B. was driving. Both Scribes looked remarkably like Paul Schaffer. "Could they be twins?" I thought to myself. Another thing I noticed was that Scribe J.B.'s voice sounded as though he was speaking from far away...through a speaker-phone.

Discorder: So, who are you and where do you spend your money?

Scribe J.B.: Well, I spend my money propagating the good news of Secular Atavism. The good news that evolution is true, Christ had tails, and the empty tomb proves there is no resurrection. Evolution is true.

Scribe Z.: I spend my money giving out free things to happy children. I spend my money sending out things to the many wonderful correspondents who write to us at International Secular Atavism. WhoAmI, where do I come from? Haha, that's something else.

Your radio program on CJSP is syndicated across the land. Have you had any problems: censorship, etc.?
Scribe J.B.: We've had a few pieces of hate mail but most people respond positively to our message of love and joy, and that the universe is random and senseless.

Scribe Z.: We sent out a lot of promotional material to various radio stations. The ones that responded were the ones that wanted to play the *Free Shot of Jesus CD*. We think it's amazing that they had the guts to do it, week after week, with our various segments such as "Traditional Christian Values," where we read the sex crimes of priests and ministers. We like to encourage people to mail us clippings from their local newspapers. Anyone who does, we'll be happy to ship them a free set of stickers.

Scribe J.B.: In addition to the fact that we've had very dedicated and courageous radio programmers propagating our message, we've had listeners actively spreading stickers around, giving them to their friends. We like to hear about repercussions and what their friends thought.

Scribe Z.: We have a big map of Canada and the U.S. with pins all over it indicating where people have written from. We call it The Big Board like in *Dr. Strangelove*.

Tell me about the Prayerline.

Scribe J.B.: My experience has been very, very positive. People like to hear about Secular Atavism. They love to hear about the truth of evolution, the falseness of exorcism, the misogyny and patriarchy of Christianity. Every once in a while we do get some misguided individuals who feel that their theological denunciations are somehow our fault instead of the metabolic disorder brought on by encephalitis.

Do you get people who are looking for help...for answers?

Scribe J.B.: I've had people write to me who have said that they needed guidance and support. They felt that they were getting it and that there was something in the Secular Atavism message that they did respond to. Yes.

Do you feel like Dr. Ruth?

Scribe J.B.: I don't know how Dr. Ruth feels. She does have the gospel of Masterful Intuition; that is so important to mental health in Secular Atavism theology.

You lambaste the fundamentalists, televangelists, the gold-diggers...

Scribe J.B.: The thing about Secular Atavism is that we don't pre-suppose that we have the answer to anything. The fact that a religion makes profit is not necessarily an objection to its truths, or premises, or its theology. For all we know, any thread of human activity may turn out to be ultimately beneficial. There is really no way of knowing that. That's why we disbelieve in Teleology, which is the idea that there is a purpose in the

universe. We are skeptical of any human capability of knowing what the outcome of any particular activity is going to be. I wouldn't put down any religion just because they are making a profit.

Scribe Z.: However, we would, for other reasons. For example, we don't distinguish between full blown Christianity and soft-core Christianity. Christianity in its full-blown aspect is very destructive both physically and emotionally. Soft-core Christianity can have devastating effects on both the mind and body of the user, giving them the denunciations and belief of order, purpose in the universe, or whatever. These things become destructive to the user.

Scribe J.B.: Even the forms that bleed out into other forms of thinking can be destructive to the user. People who don't even think of themselves as Christians may think of themselves as rational in some kind of deism. When, actually, they are tied into the idea that there is a purpose, there is a better or worse morality, in the universe. We just don't believe in that at all.

What was it that made you realize your calling was to rattle the chains of these people?

Scribe Z.: The message was received in a variety of ways. One of which came upon splitting a sedimentary piece of rock along the fracture plane. When we opened it up there was a perfectly formed trilobite on one side. And on the other side, emblazoned in fiery golden letters, were the words "Jesus Christ sucks your grandma's cock in Hell." When we saw that we knew the truth immediately. It was apparent.

Scribe J.B.: That's not a miracle caused by a deity but simply the result of natural process. The natural geological sedimentation processes have revealed the actual truth of the true universe.

Scribe Z.: Science proves it.

Uh...er...where am I?...Let me see. That was a good answer. You've thrown me off!

Scribe Z.: The truth has a tendency to do that.

There is quite a lot of humor and satire on *Free Shot of Jesus CD*; however, those at the other end may not see it that way.

Scribe Z.: We can't be responsible for other people's feelings. When you speak like truth, there is sometimes a harsh resistance. People react. We feel bad if these reactions seem to be of great joy but we have no control over the amount of joy or happiness in their lives.

Scribe J.B.: We are doing what our religion compels us to do—telling the truth—and if it bothers someone I can't blame you for asking that question. Being the interviewer that's proper for you. It's interesting and odd that other religious arm's asked that question. I've never heard anyone ask a Christian, "Do you think that your beliefs could better a Secular Atavist?" All I know is what I believe: the truth of evolution and the lack of purpose, order and sense in the universe.

Scribe Z.:...and Jesus sucking cock in "Hell."

Scribe J.B.: And Jesus sucks cock and so forth. As Secular Atavism has said on some of our radio shows, people may be offended by pictures of people being tortured on a cross.

Scribe Z.: It could lead to children being traumatized by the image of a semi-naked man with nails in his hands and feet and a spear in his side. So traumatized that they begin

to lose their belief in evolution. Like many addicts, the first thing to go is your judgment.

Scribe J.B.: It deranges their reasoning until, eventually, all they can do to counteract, to self-medicate against that pain, is to start praying and going for bigger doses of encephalitis overload.

Scribe Z.: Eventually, many end up having sex with alter boys and children in church basements.

Scribe J.B.: People will find the whole theory of encephalitis poisoning and how Christianity is simply a metabolic disorder covered on the CD.

What about the future for Secular Atavism?

Scribe Z.: There's a script in order now for the first Secular Atavist movie, *Sister Art III: The Mount Cabbell Years*. And we are working on a TV show which will soon be in production.

Scribe J.B.: That's right. The TV show will be called *Papaz Papis Theatre*—bibble stories presented by penises dressed up in puppet garb.

There is a television channel that will air this?
Scribe Z.: They have to show it. In the U.S. there is a public access law wherein if you present a cable network with a tape up on their technical standards they have to show it. It may be at 3 o'clock in the morning but this has caused quite a bit of controversy in certain areas.

You've been offering free shot of Jesus for a long time now. He must have had a big nose.

Scribe Z.: Jesus was a marine dwelling creature, had a nose 150m to 200 feet long, a regular sized head, and a body the size of a grapefruit. He was shaped like a sea urchin and bobbed through the ancient seamy seas. Great sheets of hoovers would stream down from his nose, originally meant to capture plankton for food. These hoovers would accumulate on the ocean floor. After many millennia, covered by sediment, this became the Phlegmatolithitic Strata or Phlegmatite Bearing Strata (P.B.S.). There is an alternate theory about the P.B.S. that states many microscopic Jesu existed, each bearing tiny drops of hoovers. However, if you look in the Bible do they ever mention more than one Jesus being alive at once? Therefore, the "many micro Jesu theory" could be considered blasphemous.

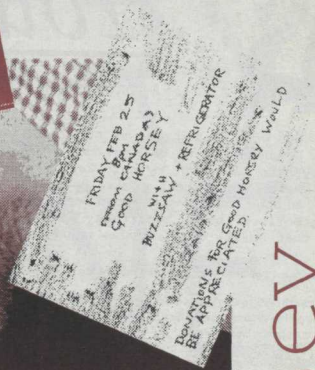
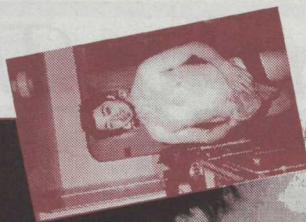
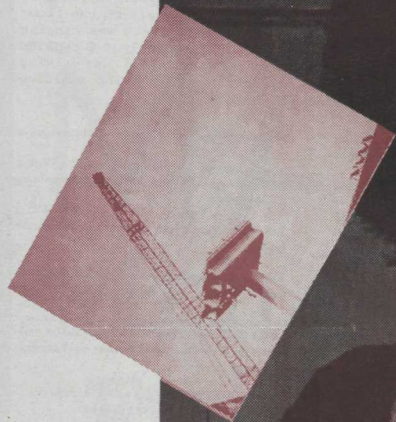
Actually, the word blasphemy has an interesting origin. It stems from the Holy Blessed Femur—the crossed bones seen on the Throatium.

At this point I asked that we stop for a moment so I could take a leak. When I stepped out of the car the two Scribes sped off into the night, leaving me alone to contemplate all that I had heard at the PetroCan at Clark and Broadway.

International Secular Atavists can be contacted at:
P.O. Box 1776 Station A, Vancouver, B.C., Canada
P.O. Box 02343 Portland, Oregon 97201



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good horsey

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CLASSICAL BEAT

This month's "Classical Beat" is venturing out of its more usual era by jumping ahead a few centuries to sample a few recent works of modern classical music as performed at the Northern Lights concert on February 27 at the VECC. A joint presentation of the Vancouver New Music Society, the Banff Center Music Program, and New Works Calgary, this concert featured works by female composers from Canada and Finland performed by an ensemble of musicians from **Vancouver New Music** and **New Works Calgary**, with Finnish cellist **Anssi Karttunen** as guest soloist.

Before going on I should perhaps explain that I generally avoid most works described as being of the "modern classical music" genre. While this may admittedly be due to a lack of culture and taste on my part, I prefer to believe that it stems from an ability to recognize that "the Emperor has no clothes."

An emphasis on discordant tones and bizarre methods of playing instruments does not, in my humble opinion, automatically confer the status of "art" on any piece; nor do they necessarily demonstrate the genius of the composer. While works employing these and other common stratagems of modern classical music are often due to call for technical excellence on behalf of the musicians, this can be lost on an audience who can't tell whether the raucous sounds and sudden prolonged gaps in a work are in the score or are a result of poor playing.

I was thus approaching this concert with a somewhat less than open mind. But as the job of critic is to be at least nominally objective I attempted to put such preconceptions aside for a few hours and listen attentively. The result was somewhat of a mixed bag: I enjoyed some of the works and found that others merely reinforced my narrow view of modern composers as people who mistake the bizarre for the artistic. Then again, I don't appreciate the artistic genius (?) of "Voice of Fire," either. The reader is forewarned and may interpret the following review as he or she sees fit!

The featured composer of the concert was Kaija Saariaho, a Finnish composer with an impressive record of international awards and commissions works including one currently in composition for violinist Gidon Kremer and the BBC Symphony Orchestra. Among her recent works is a ballet *Maa "Earth,"* in seven movements and scored for seven instruments plus electronics. It is described as a ballet without story line but with a theme of passage between states. The second movement of this, *Gates*, was the opening work of the concert. While this work was not unpleasant to listen to I found it rather hard to follow any theme or musical style in the work, but maybe there wasn't supposed to be one. The individual instrumentalists put on good performances but, in all honesty, I found my attention starting to wander after ten minutes of hearing what seemed like seven instruments playing seven different works simultaneously. I suspect that after a few listenings this work might be more enjoyable as one begins to discern some of the subtleties, but as

a concert opener it merely warned me that I was going to have to try hard to maintain objectivity for the remainder of the works.

With the second selection I was in for a real surprise, however. *Duo* by Canadian composer **Barbara Monk Feldman, was fifteen minutes of contemplation accented by occasional quiet interchanges between a vibraphone and piano. Great long pauses were skillfully balanced against amazingly simple but melodic phrases on the two instruments, sometimes with one answering the other and sometimes with the instruments combining to make a single phrase. I was truly entranced by watching the musicians with their concentration and precise timing during this work. In fact, I definitely believe that had I only heard this piece I would not have liked it nearly as well. Perhaps this holds true for other modern works as well. In any event this one work was enough to convince me that not all modern classical—not even all the more outlandish works—are without artistic merit.**

The third work was also by a Canadian composer, **Janet Danielson**. Ms. Danielson was influenced by a lecture given by Kaija Saariaho a few years ago in which the musical interval known as the perfect fourth was examined. It seems that this 3:4 interval is of interest because it can cause the listener to hear an illusory, much lower, fundamental tone, adding a richness to the music. Ms. Danielson was asked to compose a work specifically for this set of performances and took the opportunity to write an entire work based on the 3:4 ratio in a number of ways—not only in the notes themselves but also in the length of passages or rhythmic structures. The work's name, *Diatessaron*, comes from the name given to this ratio by medieval cosmologists who held it to be of great importance.

This was the work's premiere performance and, as customary, the composer was present to give a short introduction to the piece and the ideas behind its writing before the large (and all acoustic) ensemble began the performance. I thought this work was interesting to listen to, given the background behind why it was written; however, it was not a very approachable piece for a casual listener and I am afraid that if one did not know (or recognize on hearing) that the work was intended as an examination of the perfect fourth it would not be greatly interesting.

After the intermission, *Petals*, another work by Kaija Saariaho featuring the world-renowned **Anssi Karttunen** on solo cello, was performed. I will leave it to the composer to describe the work: "The opposing elements here are fragile coloristic passages which give birth to more energetic events with clear rhythmic and melodic character. These more sharply focused figures pass through different transformations, and finally merge back to less dynamic, but no less intensive passages of filigree." I can't say that I know exactly how to interpret what that is supposed to mean but I must confess to being awestruck by the amazing skill with which the cello was played and the definite theme to the work, which

gave it a musical coherence sadly missing in the next two works.

The fifth work of the evening was composed by Hope Lee, another Canadian. *Tangram* (named after that oriental puzzle with the geometric shapes) was scored for the uncommon arrangement of harpsichord, bass clarinet (that's the thing that looks sort of like a black saxophone) and tape. That's right, tape. I personally have always been under the impression that one went to live performances to see musicians perform; that's what makes it LIVE, right? It's bad enough that in today's world we have to put up with the indignity of voice mail, but to think that even in the last bastions of human communication we are forced to interact with machines instead of real people is appalling. This wasn't even (as near as I could discern) a tape of people playing instruments. It was a tape of some abstract wailing sounds presumably generated by some lifeless electronic device. I had a hard time taking this work seriously and found that the only impression I got from listening to it was that I (and the rest of the audience) was the brunt of a bad joke. To add insult to injury I noted from the program that the work was funded by the Canada Council.

The program concluded with Ms. Saariaho's new work, *Amerz*; the title comes from the name for a French marine navigation system. This obscure reference makes sense only after listening to the interminably long work seeming to consist of the large ensemble playing almost random bits of music while a computer operator (who seemed to be having some trouble staying on time with the ensemble) injected sampled sounds of what can only be described as *sonar* sound effects (thus the navigational reference?) into the melee. Well, screech honk PING la la la wail la screech PING (Contact off the port bow, Captain!) screech waaa PING.... If this wholly inadequate description has merely served to pique your interest then I suggest you try the following: go to a large symphony performance and simultaneously put on a Walkman™ (oops, I don't want Sony on my case, nuke that a Personal Stereo) with a tape of submarine movie sound effects in the few minutes just before the performance while all the instruments are tuning, and turn up LOUD. It is a strange effect, to be sure, but I don't know if I would dignify it as being art.

The overall conclusion? Well, for someone who is not a big fan of the style a nearly three-hour concert was too long. I was impressed by some of the works but it was an interesting experience and I really did enjoy one piece and at least appreciated two others. It certainly wasn't boring and, all in all, I would recommend it as a good way to sample modern classical music if you think you might like it or if you just aren't sure what you think of the form.

So what's up and coming for the month of April? Well, if you do think you'd like to give Vancouver New Music a try they are having their season finale on the 24th with a concert entitled *Sonic Tides*. Featuring work by women composers including Weir and

Coulthard, the works will be performed by the **CBC Vancouver Orchestra** at the Hotel Vancouver's Pacific Ballroom at 8:00 p.m.

The Music in the Morning Concert Society is presenting **Monica Hugget** (violin) and **Tamara Bernstein** (fortepiano) in a concert of late 18th century works as a season finale on the 19, 20, and 21 of April at 10:30 a.m. at the Koerner Recital Hall in Vanier Park.

The Vancouver Recital Society is doing something a little out of the ordinary on the 24th when they present **Peggy Baker** (contemporary dance) and **Andrew Burashko** (piano) in *Music for Piano and Solo Dancer*. This interesting mix will be presented at the Playhouse at 8:00 p.m.

Early Music Vancouver will present two concerts this month, starting on the 16th with **Anner Bylsma** and the **Pacific Baroque Orchestra** performing cello concerto by Vivaldi, Boccherini and Leo. Given the legendary stature of Mr. Bylsma's performances this is likely to sell out, so get tickets now if you have any liking for baroque music. On the 30th, **Ensemble Project Arts Nova** (PAN for short) will be presenting an evening of music by the late medieval Italian composer Johannes Ciconia. Both of these performances will be held at the Metropolitan Tabernacle (189 W. 11th Ave.) at 8:00 p.m.

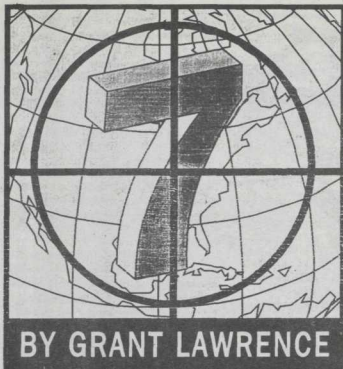
The Friends of Chamber Music is presenting both the **Borodin Trio** and the **Lafayette Quartet** on the 19th at 8:00 p.m. in the Vancouver Playhouse in a concert including a Rachmaninov trio, a Shostakovich Piano Quintet, and Tchaikovsky's *Souvenirs of Florence*.

Mastertree Chamber Music presents the cryptically titled concert "Summer is lemmun le" on the 24th. (What is "lemmun" anyway? Is there some joke I am missing here?) The concert will include Samuel Barber's *Summer Music*, Darius Milhaud's *Harlequin's Sonata* for Bassoon and Piano, and Thaulic's *Sextet for Winds and Piano*. The performance is given twice, at 2:30 and 8:30 p.m. at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre.

The VSO is presenting two concerts in the Masterworks series: on the 16th (at 8:00 p.m.), 17th (at 2:00 p.m.), and 18th (at 8:00 p.m.) **Emanuel Ax** is pianist for Haydn's *Piano Concerto in D Major* and R. Strauss' *Burleske for Piano and Orchestra* in a concert also featuring Pepin's *Adagio pour cordes* and Shostakovich's *Symphony No.9*. On the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd (all at 8:00 p.m.) the **Vancouver Cantata Singers** and **Trinity Western University** choir join the VSO to perform Glick's *Psalm*, Chausson's *Poème* (with **Melissa Kleinbart** on violin) and Beethoven's "Choral" *Symphony No.9*. If the "Poems" are more your style, the VSO pops is presenting "Classy, Brassy and Sassy" on the 5th and 9th with **Doc Severinson** (formerly the music director for Johnny Carson) at 8:00 p.m.

Well, looks like I'm out of space for another month. Good listening until next edition!

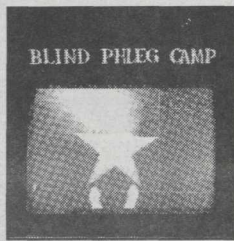




Hey, I have a new favorite band! It's the incredibly catchy, incredibly fast, incredibly punk **Rancid** from Berkeley, CA. Ever since I bought their amazing debut LP for Epitaph I have constantly been cursing myself for missing their shows in Vancouver a way back. Just out is a follow-up EP entitled **Radio Radio Radio** and it's incredible. In the classic '60s-punk styles, these guys capture the best of melodic pop and punk, mash it together and blast off into some of the most energetic recordings I've heard in some time. J. Mascis [Dinosaur Jr.] apparently said that the best bass playing he ever heard appeared on *Can't Stand the Rezillos*. While that is too true, he has obviously yet to experience Rancid's amazing backbeat lead bass playing! Overall, it's high-energy, all-ages, No-Cal punk with shout-along choruses at its absolute best. This rocks! (Fat Wreck Chords, PO. Box 460144, San Francisco, CA. 94146, U.S.A.)

Every month for the last few years, in this very column, I have reviewed loads of 7" records, almost all being independent, a lot being Canadian, and almost every local 7" released. I love most of the music I'm reviewing, I love collecting 7" records, and I really, really want to see this scene grow to its fullest potential. I want to reach as many people as possible to project the great thing that is independent

music on this vinyl format. Like-minded label Sub-Pop has been doing their part for a long time now and continues with a new release by Halifax's **Jale**. These popsters from the other side of the country have



gotten consistently better with each release since their humble beginnings last year on the Cinnamon Toast label. Entitled *Car*, this is Jale's best yet. Featuring 2 hot slices of crunchy melodic pop in a pop Sloan-meets-Leslie Gore fashion this is not certainly the best Canuck rock I've heard in a while. And, finally, someone has done just production to Jale's heavenly vocals! (Sub-Pop)

The constantly busy En Guard Records has released a 3-band com-

pilition 7" featuring bands from that rural Ontariotown, Glangerry. Town pride the **Stand GT** kicks off *Glangerry Calling* with their soft-spoken pop rock, allowing **Crash 13** to do likewise and finishes off side one with their oh-so-average pop punk. **The Cretins** ends the EP with (you guessed it) more of the same. *Glangerry Calling* gives you an overwhelming feeling that a lost pocket of Hüsker Dü fans thrives on corn-on-the-cob in Ontario. (En Guard, 1671 St. Hubert, Montreal, PQ. H2L 3Z1)

In the nation's capital, not far from the calling of Glangerry, **Resin Scraper** debuts with a 3-song snot-attack of punk rock. Put out by *Birdman Sound* (also a highly touted Ottawa record emporium) the B-side features an MC5 and a Lazy Cowgirls cover. Both give you a good idea of the influence and sound of Resin Scraper although their horrid version of the MC5's "Starship" might be considered a waste of vinyl to some. This is a limited release of 300 so best of luck in finding one! (Birdman Sound, 593 Bank St., Ottawa, ON. K1S 3T4)

You may remember Toronto's **Phleg Camp** from a single they released on Vancouver's Final Notice Records a few years back. Billing themselves as **Blind Phleg Camp** from this new 7", these moody rockers do little on this posthumous release (apparently they just broke up) beside tug the crap out of me. The constant fluctuations of volume throughout the 2 indie rock songs that are slow,

emotional and quiet are not my bag. (All You Can Eat Sound; no address)

A couple new ones just arrived from Seattle's eMpTy Records: First it's the **Kent 3's** *Coin of the Realm* 4-song EP. Not unlike the under-rated Fallouts, these fellow Seattle loafers rip it up with a whole lotta punk rock 'n' roll angst. Tweaked guitars, crashing drums and barked vocals—these cats are hot rockin'. Next, **Earl's Family Bombers'** pro-Yank 7" rolls off my spinner with ever-so-slightly generic, balls-y guitar rock. Reminiscent of the Dictators without the charisma. (eMpTy Records, PO. Box 10394, Seattle, WA. 98102 U.S.A.)

The **Griffers** are back with another single that employs some rather interesting recording techniques but plods along in that new 90's way that still has yet to catch my interest. These Memphis indie rockers fail to get my foot tapping even once through the duration of the A-side's "Bronze Cast" and the B-side's "Confidential" fares about as well with more of that acoustic Neil Young thing that, again, does very little for this all-night rocker. (Shangri-La, 1916 Madison Ave., Memphis, TN. 38104 U.S.A.)

From the Mod strong-hold of San Jose (home to the Odd Num-

bers, Clay Wheels et al) comes yet another 4-song EP of meat, 60's Mod, power pop stuff from **The Kindred**. It's a tad whinier than the rest but still fun, and still impossible to find. (The Kindred, 705 Potomac Court, San Jose, CA. 95136 U.S.A.)

There's at least one good surprise every month and this time it's the neighbor of the shit-hot **Knockoffs**. Thoroughly disgusted with the volume that the band "rehearse" at, they plead with the band to "turn down that awful music!" Fortunately that terrible music is some blatin', high energy, pop punk at its rawest and finest. Guaranteed to piss off your neighbors whether you live in Stockton, California or Stockholm, Sweden! (Knockoffs Inc., PO. Box 70033, Stockton, CA. 95207 U.S.A.)

The next record is as raw as the **Knockoffs'** but nowhere near as catchy, although I'm sure it'll sell a hell of a lot more. Why? Well, kids, it's a Sonic Youth spin-off! **Free Kitten** is a vinyl compound of Sonic Youth's Kim Gordon, Pussy Gars's Julia Cafritz and Yoshimi(?) who produce some fairly unbearable Blues Explosion-like crud went bad. Free Kitten reminds me of Huggy Bear or Bikini Kill but, at best, Free Kitten fails to possess the stability of a good song or two. PS. Side 2's "Guilty Pleasures" is a "ode to Pavement." (In The Red, 2627 E. Strong Pl., Anaheim, CA. 92806 U.S.A.)

And for my pick of the month it's the 3-years-in-the-making (and

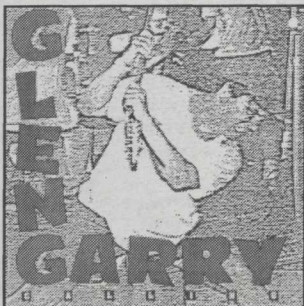
waiting) 5-song 7" EP from Seattle's **The Boatstrampen**!!! Though rumors abound that the Boatstrampen may be the Christian funk sextet the Young Fresh Fellows disguised in lifejackets and gumboats, the Boatstrampen throttle the propeller to the max, with amazing raunch 'n' roll tunes all about life on, under and around the boat ramp. Get soaked in "Rampage!", get laid "Under the Boatramp," or simply declare yourself a "Boatstrampen" or "Boatstramp Girl" after surviving one of the hottest rock 'n' roll records to ever pollute the Seven Seas! Also unleashed on Cruddy this month is the fucking great 4-song instrumental

compilation *Ultra Punch Deluxe*. All four of the instrumental tracks are exclusive to this record and feature the finest of the trade: Japan's **The Bunbys**, England's **Thee Headcoats**, and the U.S.A.'s **Untamed Youth** and **Phantom Surfers**. A fine sampler of top-notch quality, both in the superb outer packaging and the excellent rock 'n' roll songs within. (Cruddy c/o Poplana Products, PO. Box 95364, Seattle, WA. 98145-2384 U.S.A.)

I hope you have enjoyed my column this month and I hope you will go out and support all the fine bands I have reviewed herein. See you next time.



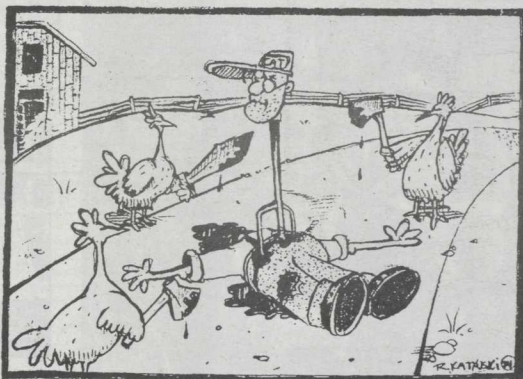
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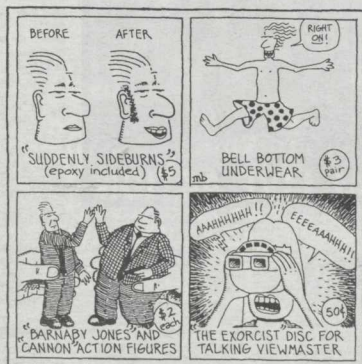


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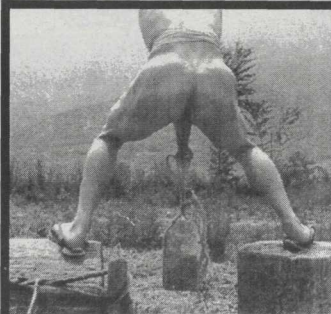
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REAL LIVE ACTION

Swervedriver

Therapy?

Medicine

Commodore Ballroom

Monday, February 14

Medicine was supposed to be part of this Valentine's Day triple-bill but, because they couldn't get across the Canada/U.S. border, they had to cancel. Instead, Blaise Pascal played in their place and they performed well. I expected Therapy? to cancel as well because of a scene I recently saw in the movie *Naked*, in which a character plastering Therapy? concert posters on various walls is later seen plastering "cancelled" notices across those very same posters; nonetheless, Therapy? went on without a hitch and played an in-

terse 45 minutes of good music. Much to the pleasure of the audience, their set included "Teeth Grinder" and a cover of Joy Division's "Isolation." Therapy? rocked.

Swervedriver, on the other hand, did not. They were unclear, unnecessarily loud and, much to the disappointment of many in attendance, one could have stayed home and enjoyed listening to any of the Swervedriver CDs much more than their live show. It was apparent by looks from the audience that no one was enjoying the show as much as they did when Therapy? was on stage.

Roseann Nasser

Jad Fair

Starfish Room

Sunday, February 20

The Starfish Room is a relatively new club in Vancouver and judging by the bands that have been booked there it promises to be a good venue for cool bands. This night was no exception. Opening for Jad Fair was local band Zumpano. I thought about a lot of things while Zumpano played: the bass player's tapping foot; doing my laundry; I even thought about committing suicide. None of my thoughts were about the music and I take that as a bad sign.

Jad Fair (of Half Japanese) is currently touring with his crazy music and he's enlisting guest musicians to help him out. This night Mr. Fair had Tae Won Yu of Olympia's Kicking Giant guesting on guitar and Keith Parry of Superconductor helping out on drums. The band set carried a really tight feel and Jad made everyone smile with his sweet and silly lyrics. He even proved his genius by finding a rhyming word for "orange" in one song!

Trish Kelly

Facepuller

Gus

Down Corporation

Starfish Room

Thursday, February 24

Down Corporation... HUH? What the hell was that? Some words that came to mind at first: Apocalypse, Ancient, Futurist, fucking weird, Mother Headbug, Bauhaus... A German singer wearing an airman's



CHAR-TS

APRIL 94 LONG VINYL 50

1 PAVEMENT	CROOKED BARK, CROOKED BARK	MATADOR
2 BRATMOBILE	THE REAL JANELLE	KILL ROCK STARS
3 CRUET	CRUET	TRANCE
4 ALAN A	FOR YOUR OWN SPECIAL SWEETHEART	DICHOIRD
5 JAWBOX	HOME IMPROVEMENTS	ATLANTIC
6 FLUF	STRAIN	OVERKILL
7 SUNDAY	DOOKIE	REPRISE
8 GREEN DAY	LIVE 93	ATLANTIC
9 THE OBB	JERRY BOYS	SELECT
10 THE JERKY BOYS	MARCH OF THE PIGS	ATLANTIC
11 NINE RICH NAILS	ADICKO	IMP
12 ARIAN	MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS	ATLANTIC
13 EUGENIS	CHAS A.D.	EPIC
14 SEPULTURA	DRUNK	TEXAS HOLD
15 VIC CHENNI	HALLUCINATION ENGINE	AXIOM
16 MATERIAL	BUT I FEEL DOWN	FEEL GOOD ALL OVER
17 DGE	THE SING RUNNING OUT	ZULU
18 PERFORM TREE	ROCK ANIMALS	VIRGIN
19 SHOWN ENEMY	UNDER THE PINK	EAST WEST
20 LOU AMOS	SUB POP	RED
21 RED RED MEAT	HIS SEX	CLEOPATRA
22 PSYCHIC TV	SAFE HOUSE	SAFE HOUSE
23 HALF JAPANESE	CANADIAN AS FUCK	BN JAMA
24 ROPICORD	YOUNG FRESH FELLOWS	POP LUMA
25 YOUNG FRESH FELLOWS	OH FUCK	SICK SHIT
26 FLOPHOUSE	INCUBANULA	WARP
27 AUTECH	NIGHTMARE RAIDERS	JIVE
28 A TUBE CALLED QUEST	MANOS	SUB POP
29 THE SPINNES	MELLOW GOLD	GEFFEN
30 RECK	UNDER THE INFLUENCE	C/Z
31 POP SICKLE		

headgear with fake heads sticking out of it, a leather satchel on his shoulder and a huge walking stick in hand. Reminded me of a psychotic nurse costume without the tail. (He even did a theatrical mouse dance during one of many long drawn-out arsy tyns.) Heavy rhythm/bass/percussion; a silly innocent/candle burning woman with "Gretel" make-up. Best quote of the night from the bassist of Down Corporation: "We're not Nazis. We snuff lag, but we're not Nazis." At the end of their set, the bassist did a Keith Cobain leap into the drum set... wow. Sorry, but German means nothing to me.

On to Gus... Wow! I'm new to this town and this was the first time that I've seen Gus. My opinion: Gus is an onslaught of original, hardcore punk intensity. A must see. Unfortunately, either no one knows this band or the crowd was just lame and unresponsive. I've heard that Vancouver crowds are lame, but this seems to apply only to older crowds: at a recent all ages

show, I saw lots of participation and enthusiasm from the crowd. Maybe people are just too self-conscious to enjoy themselves after they turn nineteen. For a scene to thrive, there has to be visual and auditory support from the crowd. Sitting there chain smoking, chain drinking, and socializing doesn't feed a scene, it only fills the pockets of club owners and fascist cigarette companies. I've been guilty of this too (though I don't smoke), but I've spent many years up front going all out for bands that I like. Coming close to paralysis has made me a bit pit-silly, but I refuse to be a too-cool-white-flower for people to look at. Wake up! You don't exist if a band can't see you or hear you.

Facepuller was up next... double wow!! Incredible power and very interesting original tunes with great lyrics you can actually understand (usually). And yes... they were loud!! I've never seen so many people with earplugs at one show. Earplugs may take away the essence (insanity) of their sound,

32 BEASTIE BOYS	SOME OLD BULLSHIT	GRAND ROYAL
33 CROW	MY KIND OF PAIN	HALF A COW
34 STEEL POLE BATHUB	SOME COCKTAIL SUGGESTIONS	BONER
35 SECT	TELEKINETIC	THIRDMIND
36 MAGNETIC FIELDS	HOLIDAY	FEEL GOOD ALL OVER
37 CRAN	HEARER	RESTLESS
38 EGGS	EXPLODER	TEEBEAT
39 TOO SHORT	GET IN WHERE YOU FIT IN	JIVE
40 PORTASTATIC	I HOPE YOUR HEART IS NOT BRITTLE	MERGE
41 FREITE	LABOUR OF LOVE	MAMMOTH
42 SILKWORM	IN THE WEST	C/Z
43 TH FAIR HEALERS	MAGINARY FRIEND	ELEKTRA
44 TRAMANS WATER	GOODBYE THE PUNCHLINE	HOMERAD
45 VARIOUS ARTISTS	MULTICORPUS	MAD CISEN
46 SHUFFLE DEMONS	EXTRA CRISPY	STURBY
47 SOULS OF MISCHIEF	NEVER NO MORE	JIVE
48 ROCKET FROM THE CRYPT	ALL SYSTEMS GO	CARGO
49 THINKING FELLERS UNION	TANGLE	SCRATCH
50 16	CURVES THAT KICK	BACTERIA SOUR

APRIL 94 SHORT VINYL 35

1 JALE	CUT 7	DERIVATIVE
2 THE EVAPORATORS	IM GOING TO FRANCE 7	NARDWEAR
3 KID CHAMPION	JACLYN AND CHAMMIE 7	MINT
4 LACRIBBY	THE MOOSE YOU KNOW ME... EP	SIRE
5 VARIOUS ARTISTS	TERYAKI ASTHMA VOL. IX	C/Z
6 MADDER ROSE	PANIC ON EP	SEED
7 BUM	MRS. ROCK & ROLL 7	ONE LOUDER
8 DA SMUGGLERS	PARTY PARTY PARTY POOPER 7	MINT
9 VO LA TENGRO	FROM A MOTEL SIX EP	MATADOR
10 TIGER TAIL/HENRY'S DRESS	ASTRONAUTICAL MUSIC FESTIVAL 7	SUMMERLAND
11 PLUTO	PETHY LITTLE JACKET 7	POPGUN
12 MARY LOU LORD	JINGLE JANGLE MORNING 7	KILL ROCK STARS
13 SPURCHUNK	PRECISION AUTO PARTS 283.7	MERGE
14 SWERDRIVER	LAST TRAIN TO SATANVILLE EP	A.B.M
15 APHEX TWIN	ON EP	SIRE
16 ERIC'S STRIP	WARM GIRL 7	DERIVATIVE
17 UNDEST	CATH CARROLL EP	4AD
18 THE BREEDERS	DIVINE HAMMER EP	4AD
19 BOYCRASH	AUL SIX EP	SUMMERLAND
20 RITE	CAMPER 7	DERIVATIVE
21 GRENADE	DON'T FORGET THE HALO 7	TEEN/EMPIRE
22 ARCHERS OF LOAF	THE RESULTS AFTER THE LOAF'S REVENGE 7	MERGE
23 THE COCCAL THING	BLUERABBIT	FONTANA
24 THE STAND IT	SUGAR BUIZ 7	TOP DRAWER
25 SWELL	FORGET ABOUT JERUSI EP	AMERICAN
26 MR. WRONG	STATE OF GRACE 7	WRONG
27 FROTE	LABOUR OF LOVE EP	MAMMOTH
28 MONOTONENY	TAKE 7	LANCE ROCK
29 HEAVEN	P.U.N.K. GIRL EP	K
30 CURVE	MESSING LINK EP	CHARISMA
31 TINY LIGHTS	I THINK I JUST WANT TO GO AWAY 7	KOKOP-OP
32 THE GRIFTERS	BRONZE CAST 7	SHANGRI-LA
33 MONOXIDES	DROP OF NOTHING 7	SUPERBOB
34 THE MEICES	WORDS 7	WORD OF MOUTH
35 BUTTERGLORY	OUR HEAVE 7	MERGE

but without them you might as well pour hot wax in your ears.

I love the Victoria/Vancouver music scene. I had given up on new heavy/punk/hardcore/original bands back east in the U.S. (with a few exceptions) but bands like these make it all come alive again. Great bands, nice club, bad crowd. Support your scene!

Hooligan

The Itals
Small Axe
The Town Pump
Friday, March 4

Too many times I've gone to the Pump only to sit around bored for what seems like an eternity waiting for some one, anyone, to get up on stage, this night though, me and mine arrived about 10.30. The Pump was pumped. Solid out. Small Axe were on stage. The place was packed. The air was ripe thick.

Except for their new drummer who was being broken in, Small Axe were great. I vaguely recollect seeing them before sometime ago

and being unimpressed at that time. They've come along way and I for one will check them out again. Rather than imitate, they have developed their own identity. Rosty funky dubby style. Small Axe more than hold their own as the opening act.

After a short break. That's right, a short break, the Ital Band mounted the stage and launched into some solid grooves. It was suggested that Roots Radics would be backing the Itals, now I may be wrong but I don't think these be them. A good point as these guys cook, never failing to turn up the heat when called upon to do so.

The Itals have been singing roots harmonies since 1976 and 18 years later David Isaacs, Ronnie Davis and Lead singer Keith Porter have lost nothing. Sounding as good as ever, it didn't take the Itals long to engulf their audience in a sweet soaked harmonious bliss. Its at gigs like this one that you realize how good the roots sound is, especially when injected with the once popular three piece harmonies of vocalists

APRIL 94 INDIE HOME JOBS

1 SPEEDBRUGGY	WHEAT JEANS
2 HUOLIE	PAVEDRV
3 MEET DAILY	SHINY
4 KID CHAMPION	LUMINATES
5 THE REAL MCKENZIES	PIERS
6 GOOD HORSEY	HOW OSWALD BASTABLE RUINED MY LIFE
7 TIGER BEAT	BOUQUETS AND KISSES
8 TICKLE TRUNK	NO MEANS NO
9 KREIVIS	EXPOSE
10 MARK	SPRING CHICKEN
11 GROVERBUR	I LIKE YOU
12 CHILDREN OF ATOM	MINORITY OF ONE
13 10 DAYS LATE	GETAWAY
14 BLACK EYED SUSAN	CHAMBERS
15 LESION	TEMPEST TORN
16 CURTIG	JULIANA
17 FRACAS	WAITING
18 NC17	TRINITY BELLWOODS
19 BLASE PASCAL	SPOTLIGHT KIDD
20 THE VINAIGRETTES	BLIND SPOT
21 HUGO	TIME OF DAY
22 PABLEY SURFACE	AUNT GENCE
23 WRITCHEE ETHY	NOTHING TOO DEEP
24 SISTER LOVERS	DREAMING
25 GOAT BOY	DEAD
26 TERROR 1 AND THE BEAT ASSASSINATOR	TRUE 2 THE GAME
27 SPARKMAKERS	SPEAKING OF HEROES
28 MOVIELAND	(A SORT OF) ICARUS
29 HONEY	JELLYBITCH
30 ORBIT IN BLOOM	THROUGH YOU

HOME BASS

COUNTDOWN TO ARMAGEDDON

1 CYRETBAX	VIBRONS	STRING	HIGH/UK
2 TRANSACT PRODUCTIONS	PROGRESSIVE TRANCE	WHITE LABEL/France	
3 RUFF REIDER	SHAGGY RIDDMS EP	KICKIN'UK	
4 MORY	ALL THAT I NEED (SPEED TRANCE)	MIDOL/CZECH	
5 NICO	NICO'S NICE CONTROL	C&S/US	
6 MANIALA	HIGH NOON EP	NOOM/GERMANY	
7 ARENABAX	NIBO 9	DELEIRUM/GERMANY	
8 GENTLE PLEASURE	LIGHT YEARS AWAY	SAVE THE VINYL/UK	
9 KEOKI & H.L.S.S.	WE ARE ONE SAMPLER	ADRENALIN/US	
10 HARDFOUR	INTO THE NATURE (REMIXES)	HARTHOUSE/US	

like the Itals. Beats the hell out of ragumafin and danchall. All things considered, not forgetting the reasonable price of admission, the March 4th show at the Pump was wellworth it. More please!!

Norm van Rassel

Furnaceface
Vinaigrettes
The Town Pump
Saturday, March 12

I liked Furnaceface's music, but the band members were a bit too in to being "rock-stars." I found it really annoying to see the guitarist/keyboards player jumping around and rocking his synth back and forth on its stand. OK, maybe I did get off on some of their antics - I liked the swirly things that were attached to electric drills, and the films projecting behind the band for the whole show. But the rest was musical wanking at its worst! As a result it took me a while to get warmed up to them, but when I managed to see (listen?) past all the antics, I liked what I heard.

The crowd seemed to be en-

joying the show a lot more than I was, and it was obvious that there was a large contingent of Furnaceface fans present because they were clearly familiar with the lyrics, joining in with the "Fuck You's" at just the right time. The best part of the show for me was seeing the Vinaigrettes, a Victoria band that wasn't even supposed to play that night - they were the last minute fill-ins for Naked Lunch - and that I had never heard of before. They were, as my companion and I decided, a fusion of: cub, Tsunami, a little bit of country, and a lot of good, loud/punk-rock: really! They even played a song called Tsunami, that sounded like a tribute to the band of the same name, in fact it reminded me a lot of the little instrumental that Tsunami did at their opening number at the Town Pump last fall - lots of interesting rhythms, and lots of changes. I guess the Vinaigrettes stole the show in my opinion, but to be fair, I think the crowd was there to see Furnaceface, and that's what they enjoyed more.

Robin

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TACTICAL WEAPONS ASSAULT TEAM



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GABRIEL & VOLTAIRE

SECRET FIRE



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SLOWBURN

SPARKED



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BUTCHER SHOP QUARTET



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UNDER REVIEW

THE SQUIRRELS Harsh Tokes of Reality (Poplarna)

Any band that commissions an ex-member of The Tubes to paint them an album cover that looks like it would be more appropriate for a 1985 Ram Jam comeback attempt has got to be at least partly fueled by genius. In concert, a frantic stage show and obvious desire to keep their mile-a-minute smorgasbord of the insane from alienating most of the uninitiated in attendance is The Squirrels. Others too self-conscious (or alternative) to join in the fun become an unwilling side show and a foil for the group and its mad cabaret. So, are The Squirrels a silly

band with a lot of heart whose pursuit of the truly ridiculous resists the pitfalls of easy cynicism?

Harsh Tokes of Reality tries awfully hard to convince the listener that The Squirrels are not outside of their "natural environment" when in the recording studio. At times it almost succeeds; especially when the heart rules the mind on songs like "Happy Guy," where the mix is equal parts cleverness and, dare I say, compassion. The enthusiastic liner notes and JT's deliciously-dated, metal guitar shredding are also plus signs. On the downside, the spirit that makes covers like the Vogues' "Five O'Clock World" work in concert doesn't save

them from sounding redundant on the home stereo. Then again, maybe that's the point. Indeed, by selling The Squirrels too short one might miss the subversive, though perhaps unintentional, truths hiding in the their silliest moments. Either way, there are enough cracks on *Harsh Tokes of Reality* to let some of The Squirrels' luminescence shine through, even if it's but a portion of what they radiate in their live spectacle.

Mark Kleiner



UNREST Fuck Pussy Galore (Matador)

What makes *Fuck Pussy Galore* so appealing is the way Unrest juxtaposes their songs. With 26 tracks it stands as a mishmash...a peculiar album. "Scott & Zelda" and "Communist Tart" nod toward the band's punk heritage, which is something largely neglected on more recent recordings, while the jazzy taste of "The 's' Street Shuffle" and the airy/elevator sounds of "She Makes Me Free" follow straight afterwards.

Finally, tracks like "The Hall" begin with an ambient freeform and later transform into an exquisite pop song. Seem varied? Incidentally, *Fuck Pussy Galore* is a collection of older (when vocalist/guitarist Mark Robinson and drummer Phil Krauth were fresh out of their Washington, D.C. high-school) and very limited original pressing E.P.s for the Teenbeat label. *Fuck Pussy Galore* is an album that storns through a profusion of musical genres and moods, and in doing so disengages the casual listener searching for consistency. A true Unrest collector's release.

Skyler



MARK LANEGAN Whiskey for the Holy Ghost (Sub-Pop)

Whiskey for the Holy Ghost mirrors our west coast winters perfectly. It's dark and bleak, quiet and stark, and just when you're starting to be overwhelmed by all of the sodden and seemingly endless grey Mark Lanegan comes through with a blue-

sky respite like the appropriately titled, "El Sol." Songs like this are few and far between on this record but that's fine because Lanegan's mournful and melancholy voice is perfectly suited for this wonderfully depressing fare. All those smokes and glasses of whiskey that Lanegan downs on tour with Screaming Trees are doing wonders for his vocals: adding a believable rasp to the decidedly country/blues edge of most of the songs.

Backed by an all-star cast which includes the likes of Tad, Dan Peters (Mudhoney), J. Mascis (Dinosaur Jr.), Mark Johnson and more, Lanegan's latest solo project rivals anything Screaming Trees has done. Apparently, Lanegan figures such projects are "fairly precocious" in nature. Listening to *Whiskey for the Holy Ghost* has me hoping that won't stop him from doing another. A worthwhile way to wallow in beautiful melancholy, alone and with your Marlboros and Jim Beam.

Sean Harvey



G.G. ALLIN AND THE MURDER JUNKIES Brutality and Bloodshed for All (Alive Records/Cargo)

The hairy new messiah of your average wincing, young sceptic, aspiring junkie poet is etching his epithet on the big rock tombstone with this final release, *Brutality and Bloodshed for All*. Until some white trash Vandaveille act like the New Bomb Turks evolves into a G.G. Allin cover band and plays places like the Lunatic Fringe, and some embarrassing tribute thing full of Matador bands emerges, this release is indeed the final chapter of his career. Before dying the most useless death of the 90s, G.G. Allin had collaborated with such heroes as J. Mascis (Dinosaur Jr.), Antiseptic and Lisa Suckdog. The bandwagon of stars doesn't stop there and *Brutality and Bloodshed for All* is all most worth the purchase just to read the names that got on for the ride to pay their last respects to the Jim Morrison of the "date-to-be-different" sect. The man is going out with the full exploitation he desires and deserves. Some of the tracks are boring for my overly Dayglo Abortion-ed ears but "Shoot Knife Strangle Beat & Crucify" aspires to youth-anthem status. This review is already too flowery for further academic posturing so I'll end with a snippet of dialogue that GTR's station manager and I had prior to me taking *Bloodshed and Brutality for All* into the listening room:

"Oh, are you going to review the GG Allin CD?"

BOOM

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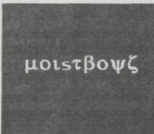
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MOFO'S PSYCHOSONIC PIX

Here I am sitting in luxury thoroughly enjoying that I'll circular lump o' processed lard that is the center of the biscuit combo some call an Ore. I call it heavenly (ranking it right up there with the Sausage McMuffin™ as my favorite member of the non-food food group) and Heaven knows it makes wading through the enormous pile of records that you readers have given unto me a lot easier. In the last six weeks I have received no less than 37 records from various folks! Yikes! I have so much vinyl to go through that I'm going to have to encourage all of you to either start sending me dubs of your weird stuff (with a copy of the graphics, if you can) or not expect a quick response, due to my backlog.

Some of you may have noticed (awful presumptuous of me, isn't it?) that this I'll Mickey Mouse column was absent from the last issue. Well,

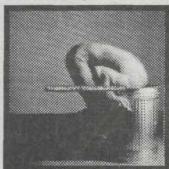
"Yes."
"Are you going to take the CD home with you?"
"Oh, well, mmh... yeah, I want to."
"Well, there's something you should know then. We've decided not to put the second copy onto the playlist, so if you bring it up to play on your show..."

"... make sure I disclaim it."
"Mmmh, I don't even know if you should bother trying to play anything off of it. I mean, the lyrics are included in there and you can see it's just stupid. It's all like 'I'M GONNA FUCK YOUR MOM,' and I just can't see anything redeeming about it at all."

"Okay, I'll remember that. Thanks."

Thaven't felt this excited since I rediscovered "Friends of Mine" by Duran Duran (track 6 of the 8-song retrospective CD that came out right before *Seven and the Ragged Tiger*)!

Janis Warren



THEATRY? *Troublegum* (A&M)

Being a big "Fuck you" to U2, Dublin's *Theatry*? is perhaps this year's biggest "maybe." Made obvious while listening to (and reading) *Troublegum*'s lyrics, *Theatry*? makes their bread and butter from tales of teen-suffering, hatred, loneliness and raw anger. Great teen anthems, all of them. Songs to rip light fixtures out of ceilings and throw at passing cars. Punk aggression for a fucked world. Although *Theatry*? is quite good, *Troublegum* had got grow on me, and I mean

to be brutally honest. I plunged headlong into Internet (I'd give you the address but that would be trendy) and the Doctor refused to give me Prozac, again. He said being pharmacologically challenged didn't cut it. To top it off, my application for *MofoVision* wasn't accepted. I was put in line behind the Pee Wee Hockey Network and The Parrot Training Channel.

However, I am back and what say we get on with this pile of records right here? Susan Kennard, Manager of CKIZ Radio in the urban sprawl that is Pincher Creek, Alta., sent me about a dozen nifty items, including:

JACK HENNING *Going My Way* (Apollo 70)

What can I say about Jack Henning that isn't said on *Going My Way*? Apparently, a lot. This semi-county lounge artist put the least amount of in-

seriously. Some notable tracks to help that growing process: "Scramager" (also available on the *Hate of Insane* E.P.), "Isolation" (a Joy Division cover), and "Femtex".
Need I say more on *Theatry*?
Christian

MEDICINE *The Buried Life* (American/Wea)

The Buried Life (buried under back issues of *Shoe-gazers* Monthly, presumably) is not a bad album, by any means, but an album whose sole purpose is to be used as the basis for a game of Spot the Influence. Yup, they're all in there: Lush, The House of Love, Jesus and Mary Chain, Cocteau Twins, Curve... Not content to just disappear up its own arse, this is just so typical of the North American indie scene at the moment that it has to disappear up the arses of the British as well. Now, speaking as a British arse owner, let me tell you that we don't want to up our arses, so just clear off!

Simon Hemelryck

THE OTHER TWO AND YOU *The Other Two And You* (Centredate/Polygram)

This feeble attempt by Gillian Gilbert and Stephen Morris (both of New Order fame) to break away from the norm and try something new has resulted in exactly what the two least wanted: an album that sounds a lot like New Order. Tracks like "Tasty Fish" and "The Greatest Thing" have all those danceable New Order traits, while a track like "Moving On" sounds like the closing song from a 1986 John Hughes teen comedy! All in all, *The Other Two and You* is a good listen if you already like New Order and you're not looking for something original.

Gio Corsi

GREEN DAY *Dookie* (Reprise/Wea)

I first learned about Green Day from the very pages of this magazine about a year ago. Since then Green Day have become one of my all time

favourite bands. I'm very pleased with this, their major label debut. In fact, I'm just crazy about *Dookie*. Sweet vocal melodies, power chords from cheap guitars and crunching rhythms intertwine tightly to produce the kind of music that makes you feel good all over, and flatters lyrics focussing on boredom, frustration and (post) teenage angst.
Dookie is the soundtrack of your youth. Get it and share it with your friends!

Vince Yeh



PRONG *Cleansing* (Epice)

For the times when I really crave an intense, rhythmic, hook-laden metal experience I'll have Prong's latest release, *Cleansing*. This is a seriously aggressive power metal with clean and savage speed guitars that hint at Pantera, a little bit of Ministry, and the underrated guitar stylings of Norwegian noodler Ronni Le Tekro. What Prong has produced in *Cleansing* is a grinding, riff-filled opus which carries on and expands the sound they developed on their last album. But unlike 1991's stripped down and somewhat mainstream *Prove Us Wrong*, *Cleansing* is a tougher and fuller sounding effort—due in part to the recruitment of former Killing Joke bassist Paul Raven and keyboardist/programmer man John Brechtel. This, in conjunction with producer-extraordinaire Terry Date's (Pantera; Soundgarden) superb control-board tinkering, has given guitarist/vocalist/mainman Tommy Victor a guitar sound to rival

formation on an LP I've ever seen! Serious. All that's there is the title, the songs (no credits, but he does cover Dawn, Lobo, Neil Diamond and more "classic" popsters), the catalog number and a reminder who the artist is 2 inches away from the last mention. No addresses. Nothing. You can bet this cat won't fail.

Genre: Information, Please
Cheezability rating: 50

TOM JONES *It's Not Unusual* (Parrot)

I've always had a soft spot in my head for Tom Jones, ever before I saw Art Bergmann hunt chickens to the title song in *Highway 61*. Quite simply, one of the greats. Up there with Sammy, Dino and Buddy



Greco. Eddie Vedder cribbed all he knows from this guy.
Genre: The Vegas Idea
Cheezability rating: 100

FLATT & SCRUGGS *Nashville Airplane* (Columbia)

Frankly, as good as these country versions of "hippy" songs by Bob Dylan and Buffy Sainte-Marie are, and as neat

metallars Fight or industrialist Nine Inch Nails for sheer power and heaviness.

"Whore Fists This Anyway," "Snap Your Fingers, Snap Your Neck," "Broken Peace," "Sublime" and "Test" will leave you assuming to find your Metal Church neckbrace of '83 but more traditional metallars should check this one out for its power and songs (yes, climax and kick-out). Crank the bass.

Thomas Johannes



SCREAMING FOR LOU Juxtaposition (Independent)

Could Saskatoon, Saskatchewan claim the next big music scene? Hey, don't doubt it until you've heard "new kid on the block" Screaming for Lou. Originally known as the Hooligans, they changed their name in tribute to their friend Leslie "Lou" Ornelo, who said the Hooligans was a stupid name. Consisting of Cam McKinnon (lead guitar; vocals), Doug Luciak (rhythm guitar), Nick Korolis (drums), and Eric Sampson (bass), Screaming For Lou plays rock 'n' roll that integrates a variety of musical styles all backed up with raw vocals and a steady rhythm. For example, in "Staunch Reality," they mix a psychedelic-60s echo twang with a disco beat and rock it together to create an amazing song that will have you humming long after you've put the tape away. Other highlights, such as the Pearl Jam-

as it is to hear them sing "Everybody must get stoned,"...they leave me Flat.
Genre: *Country/Reed*
Cheezability rating: 75

Eric Dean, hometown boy, sent this relic:

ANN CORIO How to Strip For Your Husband (Roulette)

An early/mid-60s LP of grand tunes made perfectly popular by the burlesque houses and strip joints of a bygone era. The quality of the record is mist (as is the totally cork cover) and included is a booklet by Ann Corio, a stripper herself, on how to "spice" things up in the "boudoir." A complete hoot, especially if you can imagine your parents using things like this!
Genre: *Hulba, Hulba*
Cheezability rating: 90

Anthony Hempell, esteemed

esque "Cost You," will have you screaming for more than just the 75 songs included on this debut EP. Prairie folk rock! (Screaming for Lou c/o Cam McKinnon, 154 Lakeshore Crescent, Saskatoon, Sask. S7J 3T3.)

Roseann Nasser

SILKWOORM In the West (C/Z)

Be warned, Silkwoorm is not a loud, fast, or heavy band. I won't even bother to pigeon-hole them because they simply don't fit...anywhere. In the C/Z Records repertoire beside bands like Caustic Resin, Alcohol Funnycar, the Melvins, My Name and Skin Yard, Silkwoorm seems a bit out of place (but, then again, so do the vocalists). Their sound is so-fi, with the vocals totally buried half of the time (too bad really), and their pace is varied: long songs, short songs, soft sounding, other times loud, or all of this in one tune.

On my first listen through *In the West*, more than one song made me question why in fact I was listening to it. However, Silkwoorm does have a certain charm that sinks in after a few listenings and keeps me from using the disc for target practice. Some songs, like "Enough is Enough" and its crescendo from nothing into loudness and back again, really stand out while others, like "Dust My Broom" and "Into the Woods," are truly listenable and redeem this album greatly.

lan King

ST. JOHNNY Speed is Dreaming (Geffen)

Hartford, Connecticut's St. Johnny moves into the big leagues with *Speed is Dreaming*, a selection of moshy and jangly guitar pop. For example, in "Staunch Reality," they mix a psychedelic-60s echo twang with a disco beat and rock it together to create an amazing song that will have you humming long after you've put the tape away. Other highlights, such as the Pearl Jam-



Production Manager for *Disorder*, slid me a huge heap of vinyl, some of which are:

CHINGA CHAVIN Country Porn (Attic)

The title definitely suits the LP's theme! Basically, Chinga Chavin's sewer-mouth makes Showdown's "The Rodent Song" sound like "Achy

Agnello, who has worked with Dinosaurs Jr. and Screaming Trees, this release is somewhat comparable to recent Sonic Youth recordings. Laid back vocals carry through full blasts from drummer Wayne Lefuria and guitarist Jim Roberts, in addition to Mercury Rev's David Baker performing backup vocals on a couple tracks. With titles like "I Hate Rock 'n' Roll," "Down the Drain," "You Can't Win," "I Give Up" and "You're Not My Friend," St. Johnny have more than a theme going. Singer/guitarist/songwriter Bill Whitten says it best: "Real life is messy."

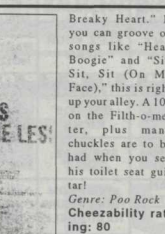
Skyler



RAMONES Acid Eaters (Radioactive/Wea)

It is a commonly known fact that the Ramones define cool and *Acid Eaters*, no doubt, is a cool album. This is a collection of Joey Ramone & Co. doing covers of their favorite songs from the 60s and you can say that it's good in the same way McDonald is good. That is to say that no matter where you are or what you're doing you can stop and know exactly what you're going to get. If you can conceive "My Back Pages" being sung by Joey Ramone you'll know exactly what's on *Acid Eaters*. Very cool but no surprises, whatsoever. Attention all hardcore Ramones fans! Go buy this album.

ERI



NOEL EDWARD SMITH Timeless (WMO)

Timeless was meant to teach you how to play the bass guitar by using the tried and true method of doing the lamest possible versions of the tunes then taking out the bass on side 2. Hell, "Fire And Rain" is so lame that even James Taylor would say, "Wow, that's

TEENGENERATE Teengenerate (Cruddy Record Dealership)

When the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbour they sent shock waves across unsuspecting Canada. Well, it's 1994 and the Japanese barrage continues in the form of the combo known as Teengenerate. These guys never let up for a second as punk blast after punk blast hits your unwary ears. Legendary producer Kearney Barton compliments the Teens' straight-ahead attack on originals like "She's A Dumb" and "White Talk," while covers of "Wild Weekend" (by The Zeros) and "Midnight to Six Man" (by The Pretty Things) ain't too shabby either. If it's raw you want, then it's raw you'll get with Teengenerate.

Bryce Dunn



SLOWDIVE Souvlaki (Creation/SBK)

Slowdive is better than any British band around these days, by miles, and *Souvlaki* is a bloody cool CD. [Note: The domestic release contains 4 bonus tracks that aren't terribly good and certainly sound as if they were just tacked on to the end of the album.] *Souvlaki* doesn't have killer pop hooks that hit you over the head but these melodic and mesmerizing songs will get in you slowly, starting from behind the eyes. Incredible waves of fuzz and soundroll over you and melt through your ears.

I am! My copy was apparently left on the radiator a little too long, but it was worth watching my needle grab garbly air as it tried to play the damn thing. Man, just eyeballing the dude on the cover raises my respect for bass players to new levels.
Genre: *Something's Missing*
Cheezability rating: 85

THEE PICK O' THE MONTH!!!!!!

Lemme tell ya, the competition for "Thee Pick O' The Month" was the fiercest it has been in the 2+ years I've been doing this column. Many of the mentioned LPs are worthy of the high honor and, believe me, Chinga, Ann and the Bassless wonder would have made it if

This stuff is cutting edge...pushing the wall of sound in a new direction.
William Wang

KURIOS JORGE A Constipated Monkey (Columbia)

The eagerly anticipated debut of Kurios Jorge, *A Constipated Monkey*, has carved a niche into the hardcore world of hip-hop. Kurios [Jorge Alvarez] boasts a smooth New York sound, aided by a production crew including some big names like the Beatnuts, SD-50's, Bosco Money, the Prime Minister Pete Nice (late of 3rd Bass) and Daddy Kink, and his delivery is clear. Although many of Kurios' beats and hooks are the same samples that other big name groups have used, he blends them nicely with some that beats and meshes a unique sound. His lyrics are not politically charged and provide a refreshing break from the recent barrage of gangsta rap with its overwhealingly misogynistic and violent messages. Overall, this constipated monkey has no problems dropping dope.

L. Anderson and K. Pimentel



UNSAANE Total Destruction (Matador)

Fasten your seat belts, kiddies, here comes the latest from Unsane. Buy this album if passing off your parents is still big on your list of things to do. *Total Destruction* is exactly like that sound in your head right after you crashed your dad's new

car into a telephone pole—a sound like the world is coming to an end by a swarm of killer bees carrying electric guitars. *Total Destruction* is an entirely satisfying experience for that nihilist in all of us.

ERI

BECK Mellow Gold

By finding Beck and having his first single, "Loser," catch on from out of nowhere to become a big hit (and deservingly so), Geffen has done it again. "Loser" is a great song—combining senseless talking blues with funky dance beats—but only a small sample of the wide variety of musical styles heard on *Mellow Gold*. This delightful, acoustically-inclined album ranges from the wonderful, soft melodies of "Blackhole" to larder-edged songs (like "Soul Suckin' Jerk") very reminiscent of the Beastie Boys' *Check Your Head*. In conclusion, *Mellow Gold* is a very good album with some refreshing beats and acoustics that can really satisfy.

Donald Coan

VARIOUS ARTISTS X Marks the Spot (Caroline)

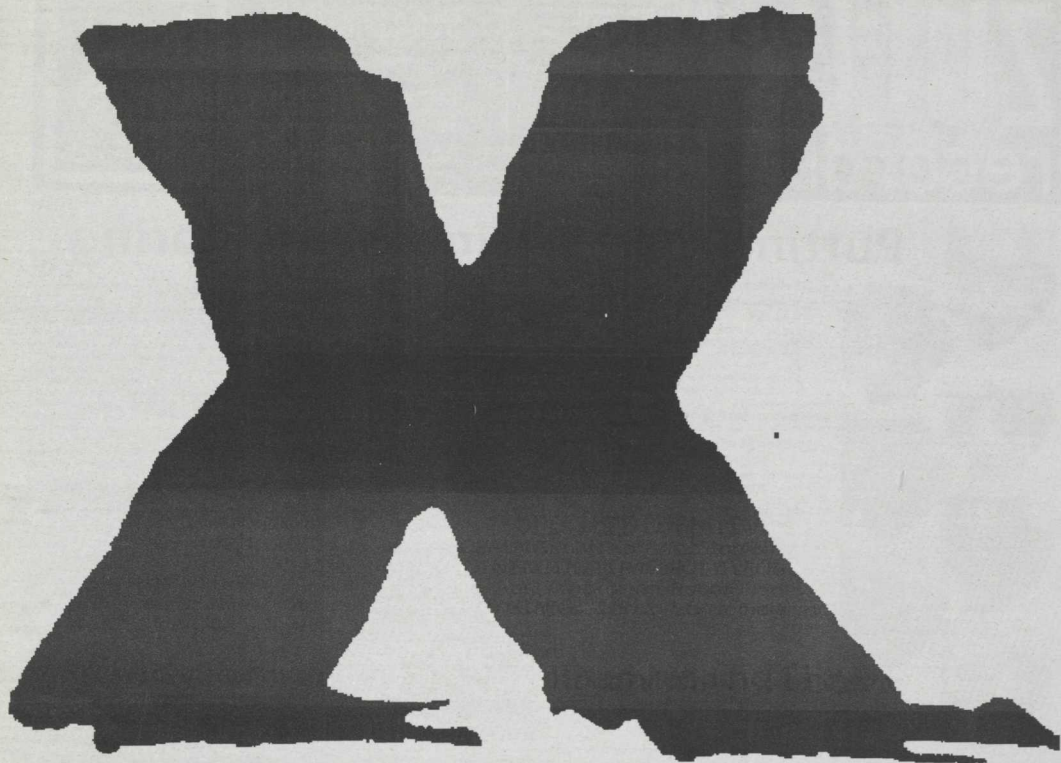
In an attempt to raise money for voter education in South Africa, *X Marks the Spot* assembles artists from Mozambique, Kenya, Uganda, South Africa and other countries. All of the 15 "African sound"ing tracks are most pleasant however, with the possible exception of En Mani Kuoyo from Kenya and Mayibuye from South Africa, the music ushers a bit too much of a western time—synths and other modern instruments are used in almost all of the tracks. It would have been nice to hear more purely traditional music from these countries that aren't as tawdry in the record industry but, beside it being for a good cause, *X Marks the Spot* still has some super music.

Dinos Kyrro

heads discussing whether or not: a) Shakespeare just cribbed *Cinderella* and added character details; b) Lear could have been helped by Sandoz's peppy new tranquilizer, Sereniti. Also included is a little description of Sereniti and a groovy little letter telling you, the psychiatrist or doctor who might have got this in the mail or at some convention, how King Lear might not have gone bonkers if he had used this drug. This is for real!

This is the 3rd in a series following *Ophelia's Personality Disorder* and *Was Falstaff an Alcoholic?*. Someone should tell Sandoz that prescribing drugs for fictional characters is a little unbalanced in itself. A very odd record.
Genre: *Psych*
Cheezability rating: 100

That's all for this month. Remember, never underestimate the power of soap, ever.



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Putting a New Spin on Your Spring



Supersuckers

* La Mano Cornuda

Bursting from the gate at full throttle, Seattle's Supersuckers rock the old school way... hard. There's no compromises with this band; if they don't blow you away with the first song on this lp, they'll keep trying until they drop — or you do. Strap your boots on boy. And hey, who says Sub-Pop has gone soft?

● 14.98 ■ 9.98 IMPORT

Superchunk

* First Part

What more can positively be said about Superchunk? They rock. Unconditionally. This new release is no exception. They're not the pride of Chapel Hill, NC, for nothing you know. (That's the indie rock mecca that you've read so much about in Spin and Option magazines.) More pop than punk? More punk than pop? You decide.

● EP 7.98 IMPORT

Th Faith Healers

* Imaginary Friend

Sometimes explosive, sometimes enticing. Get swept up by the hypnotic groove rock of Th Faith Healers. Their second release, *Imaginary Friend*, faithfully portrays the tense dynamism and mesmerizing melodies that make them one of Zulu's favorite Can-inspired bands. Low price.

● 16.98 ■ 10.98 IMPORT

Mudhoney/ J D Gilmore

* (self-titled)

Yeehaw! The Mudhoney boys and Jimmie Dale Gilmore rock around the campfire. They do one of his tunes, he does one of theirs, each bring their own special twang to the other. Then they all join together in a blistering rendition of Townes Van Zandt's *Jackskin*. Sizzler blues. Hottier in a bowl o' Texas 5-alarm chili!

● EP 9.98 IMPORT

Killdozer

* Uncompromising War on Art Under the Dictatorship of the Proletariat

We think that the title says it all, but it can't hurt to elaborate a little. Heavy heavy monster rock from this very influential mid-west trio. Abrasive, sludgy guitar riffs, drums that would scare giants, and huge vocals from a skinny guy. A killer release that also includes the infamous *hard* EP.

● 14.98 ■ 9.98 IMPORT

Various

* Ethnotechno

Wax Trax/TWT have put together an excellent sampler of the latest directions in techno music. It combines established names like Juno Reactor and Sabres of Paradise with upcoming artists to make up 75 minutes of pan-global electrobliss.

● 14.98 ■ 9.98 IMPORT

Codeine

* White Birch

Codeine: a drug that helps ease the pain and mellows you out. And guess what — that's exactly what this band does. With a big thick melancholy sound, Codeine washes over you and lets you wallow in their sad guitars and voices. This is a beauty that'll make you choke back the tears. Available second week in April.

● 16.98 ■ 10.98 IMPORT

Various

* Tonal Evidence 7

This sampler from England's Mute Records is *total evidence* that Mute continues to release some of the most innovative sounds around. Included on this specially-priced sampler are tracks by infamous techno-guy Moby, lounge-singer noir Nick Cave, heart-wrenching popsters The Afghan Wigs, as well as stuff from Barry Adamson, Diamanda Galas, Wire, and others.

● 8.98 IMPORT EXTRA SPECIAL PRICE

Madder Rose

* Panic On

Truly a fave band for us Zulu folks, Madder Rose continue to write and perform some of the most well-crafted and gentle pop tunes this side of The Box Tops. Now signed to Atlantic, this second lp will hopefully bring them to a much-deserved global following.

● 16.98 ■ 10.98 IMPORT

Live In-Store Performance



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● means cd
■ means cassette
♻ means recycle